

EDWARD WEBB YOUNG & GLADYS LOVINA WILSON
THEIR ROOTS AND BRANCHES

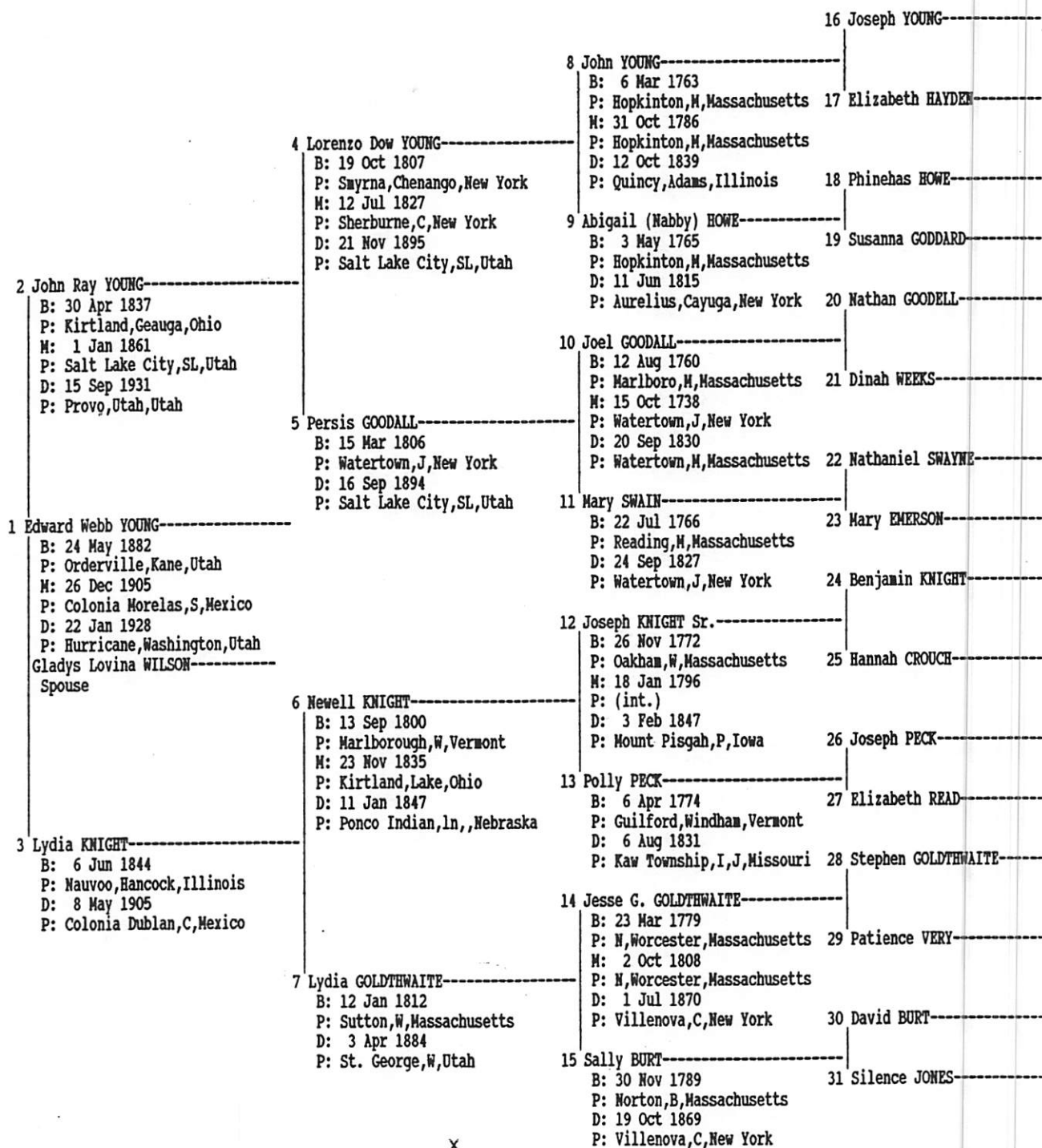
Compiled and Written
by

ABRAM OWEN YOUNG, JR.

Mar 1994

<p>1 Gladys Lovina WILSON----- B: 1 Jan 1888 P: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona M: 26 Dec 1905 P: Colonia Morelas, S, Mexico D: 4 Sep 1968 P: St George, Washington, Utah Edward Webb YOUNG----- Spouse</p>	<p>2 David Johnson WILSON----- B: 7 Jun 1843 P: Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois M: 26 Jul 1867 P: Salt Lake City, SL, Utah D: 17 Sep 1912 P: Hillsdale, Garfield, Utah</p>	<p>3 Julia Didama JOHNSON----- B: 26 Sep 1845 P: Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois D: 19 Sep 1918 P: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona</p>	<p>4 George Deliverance WILSON----- B: 28 Dec 1807 P: Shelburn, C, Vermont M: 20 Feb 1842 P: Macedonia, H, Illinois D: 18 Oct 1887 P: Hillsdale, Garfield, Utah</p>	<p>5 Mary Ellen JOHNSON----- B: 17 Feb 1820 P: Pomfret, C, New York D: 11 Jun 1845 P: Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois</p>	<p>6 Benjamin Franklin JOHNSON----- B: 28 Jul 1818 P: Pomfret, C, New York M: 25 Dec 1841 P: Kirtland, Genaga, Ohio D: 18 Nov 1905 P: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona</p>	<p>7 Melissa Bloomfield LEBARON----- B: 28 Jan 1817 P: LeRoy, Genessee, New York D: 14 Sep 1860 P: Salt Lake City, SL, Utah</p>	<p>8 Deliverance WILSON----- B: 2 Jul 1768 P: Petersham, W, Massachusetts M: 1789 P: Petersham, W, Massachusetts D: 1838 P: in route to Mo., Ohio</p>	<p>9 Lovina FAIRCHILD----- B: 10 Feb 1773 P: Arlington, B, Vermont D: 1843 P: near Nauvoo, H, Illinois</p>	<p>10 Ezekiel JOHNSON----- B: 1773 P: Uxbridge, W, Massachusetts M: 12 Jan 1801 P: Grafton, W, Massachusetts D: 13 Jan 1848 P: Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois</p>	<p>11 Julia HILLS----- B: 26 Sep 1783 P: Upton, W, Massachusetts D: 30 May 1856 P: Council Bluffs, P, Iowa</p>	<p>12 Ezekiel JOHNSON----- This person is the same person as no. 10 on chart no. 1</p>	<p>13 Julia HILLS----- This person is the same person as no. 11 on chart no. 1</p>	<p>14 David LEBARON----- B: 21 Feb 1775 P: Killingworth, Connecticut M: P: D: 6 Oct 1829 P:</p>	<p>15 Lydia BATCHELDER----- B: 9 Apr 1793 P: Danville, C, Vermont D: P:</p>	<p>16 Deliverance WILSON-----</p>	<p>17 Sarah SMITH-----</p>	<p>18 Stephen FAIRCHILD-----</p>	<p>19 Lovina BEARDSLEY-----</p>	<p>20 Ezekiel JOHNSON-----</p>	<p>21 Bethia GARM-----</p>	<p>22 Joseph HILLS-----</p>	<p>23 Esther ELLIS-----</p>	<p>24 -----</p>	<p>25 -----</p>	<p>26 -----</p>	<p>27 -----</p>	<p>28 David LEBARON-----</p>	<p>29 Martha CHATFIELD-----</p>	<p>30 Timothy BATCHELDER-----</p>	<p>31 Anna or Nancy MORRELL-----</p>
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A pedigree sheet showing the ancestry of Edward Webb Young
showing the relationship of the Young and Knight Families



CHAPTER I

YOUNG FAMILY

Ancestors of Edward Webb Young

This book is dedicated to all of the descendants of Edward Webb Young and Gladys Lovina Wilson. Ours is a heritage to be proud of. In this day of instability, you need not go far from the branch to find heroes a plenty to pattern a successful life after.

To show the descendancy of the Young Family in America and the progression of this history the following is included.

1. William Young cordwainer (b. abt. 1695; md. Susannah Cotton)
2. Joseph Young (b. 12 Feb 1729; md. Elizabeth Hayden)
3. John Young (b. 6 Mar 1763, Mass. md. Nabby Howe)
4. Lorenzo Dow Young (b. 19 Oct 1807 N.Y. md. Persis Goodall)
5. John Ray Young (b. 30 Apr 1837 Ohio, md. Lydia Knight)
6. Edward Webb Young (b. 24 May 1882; md. Gladys Lovina Wilson)

The Young family was in America from its early beginnings perhaps coming into the new land around 1636.

"From the earliest settlement of Europeans on the North American continent, fierce struggles for possession of its vast lands marked its history. The great powers-English, French, Spanish, and Dutch-raced each other for territory that would provide a key to unlocking the treasure chest of resources sequestered within this "new" world. By the end of the seventeenth century, this rivalry for empire had deepened to the point of serious military confrontation, particularly between Great Britain and France, who would fight a series of colonial wars in which the French would lose all of their North American possessions to their cross-channel enemy.

"A more continual though less spectacular conflict also ensued between the Europeans and the Indians. Uprisings were frequent along the expanding frontier; constant and brutal "Indian Wars" became part of the way of life in virgin America. Because the colonial governments were hard-pressed to provide regular troops to fight these recurring and pestering wars, there developed in the thirteen colonies a system of militia defense by citizen-soldiers who could change their peacetime tools for muskets at the shout of a war whoop. But during protracted service even such

amateur troops had to be paid, and in America the most valuable and readily available medium for payment was land. Thousands of acres of it in a seemingly endless treasury.

"Emerging with a record of "faithfulness and bravery" from one of these Indian wars was a young shoemaker named William Young. In 1721 he received as a reward for his service a number of freeholds in the townships of Nottingham and Barrington, New Hampshire, several miles into the interior west of Portsmouth. Before moving some years later to Boston and eventually to Hopkinton in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, William increased his holdings in New Hampshire, and by the time of his death in 1747 had accumulated a comfortable estate. His will of that year left some \$10,000 (a very large sum in that time) to his widow, daughter and minor son.

"The son, Joseph, born February 12, 1729, was but eighteen at the death of his father. To illustrate the rise in the family's status from that of a cobbler, or "cordwainer," Joseph was engaged in the study of medicine, a difficult but prestigious profession acquired at the time through apprenticeship. He practiced in Hopkinton, where he also farmed, and then served as a surgeon in the British-American army during the French and Indian War (1754-1763), the imperial conflict that finally settled the Franco-British rivalry in North America by the expulsion of France from Canada and the trans-Appalachian region. This clear victory set in motion many of the forces that led to the American Revolution just over a decade later. On at least one occasion, Dr. Young himself nearly became one of the many casualties of the bloody conflict. In August of 1757 he was at Fort William Henry on the upper Hudson River when French and Indian forces under the Marquis de Montcalm laid siege following the capture and destruction of nearby Forts Oswego and George. Hopelessly outnumbered, the British commander agreed to surrender, only to have his men treacherously set upon by the Indians. Joseph Young was among 1400 British-American survivors of the betrayal who fought their way out and eventually to safety at Fort Edward. Outlasting the war Joseph returned to Hopkinton, where he was killed in 1769 by a falling pole. Joseph Young had married in Hopkinton a widow with four children, to which they added two daughters and four sons. They named their third child and second son John. He was born March 6, 1763, the year of the end of the last war for empire and the beginning of a dozen years of revolutionary ferment. Growing up in the midst of it all, John Young inevitably became a part of the great movement-so much a part that in 1776, at the age of seventeen, he became, like Andrew Jackson, a teenage soldier in

the American Revolution." (excerpt from Latter-day Patriots)

JOHN YOUNG, FATHER OF LORENZO DOW YOUNG

John Young was born March 6, 1763, at Hopkinton, Middlesex, Massachusetts. His mother was Elizabeth Hayden, a widow, and his father was Joseph Young. Many stories are told about Joseph Young, but which are true we know not. He died in 1769 when John was six year old. John had no idea of what became of his brothers and sisters except the one who died as a child.

When his father died, the family was very poor and his mother apprenticed him to a man named Jones. John worked for him until he was twenty-one.

At the age of seventeen (June 1780) he joined the Continental Revolutionary Army, and he was assigned to the 4th Massachusetts Brigade of Musketry. In July the Brigade rendezvoused at Springfield and marched to West Point. From there John marched to Orangetown, New Jersey. From there he marched to Liberty Pole then to Tantoway, where he stayed in camp until he marched back to West Point for winter quarters. After serving six months he was discharged and went to Hopkinton. About August 10, 1781, he enlisted in the Massachusetts Militia for six months. He was 18 years old. Again he marched to West Point and from there to Peekskill. He took yellow fever and lay in the hospital until able to go to the camp. This was for three months until November 1781. In March of 1782 he enlisted for six weeks to go to Rhode Island to repair Fort Butte at which time he was 19 years old. Meanwhile his apprenticer Jones collected his army pay as well as having his labor on the farm between enlistments.

He collected a cannon ball as a souvenir from Saratoga, but he was not in the fight. From family tradition it is said that John served in Revolutionary War under George Washington.

His children used to relate an anecdote about Him. "He was small, nimble man, and one Sunday was walking in the woods with one of his very few neighbors, when his faithful dogs began barking not far distant, and on going toward the sound they found the dogs had "treed" a very large black bear. He tried in vain to get his neighbor to stay and keep the bear up the tree, whilst he, being more active than his neighbor, would run home for his gun. Neighbor did not care to stay with the bear, but would go for the gun. Accordingly, Mr. Young remained. The thought of what he should do if Mr. Bruin should take a notion to come down occurred

to him; so he cut a hickory sapling and sharpened one end to probe bruin with should he attempt a descent before the arrival of the gun. And sure enough down came the bear. All the probing with the hickory stick was of no avail. Bruin let all holds loose, and down he fell to the ground; he lit upon his feet, but broke down, and the dog caught him by the end of the nose, causing him to open his mouth, when Mr. Young pushed his sharp stick down his throat, killing him almost instantly. The neighbor went leisurely home, ate his dinner, and then returned with a gun. To his great surprise he found the bear nicely dressed and ready for roasting." (Susa Young Gates, notes on the Young and Howe Families)

Nabby had a doll like face, blue eyes, and yellow hair, a lovable, gentle disposition and was very pious. The farm was in Hopkinton, Massachusetts. John, a "small, nimble, wiry man," toiled unceasingly to support his rapidly growing family. But he never lost sight of his moral and religious convictions. "He was very circumspect, exemplary and religious," wrote Brigham, "and was, from an early period of his life, a member of the Methodist Church." Lorenzo Dow Young was named after a popular Methodist minister of the day Lorenzo Dow.

Lorenzo Dow Young was the eleventh and last child born to John and Abigail "Nabby" Howe Young between 1786 and 1807. John married Nabby in 1785.

The children of John and Nabby included:

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|------------------------|--|
| 1. Nancy Young | b. 6 Aug 1786 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 2. Fanny Young | b. 8 Nov 1787 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 3. Rhoda Young | b. 10 Sep 1789 Durham, Green, N.Y. |
| 4. John Young | b. 22 May 1792 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 5. Nabby Young | b. 22 Apr 1793 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 6. Susanna Young | b. 7 Jun 1795 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 7. Joseph Young | b. 7 Apr 1797 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 8. Phinehas Howe Young | b. 16 Feb 1799 Hopkinton, Middlesex, Mass. |
| 9. Brigham Young | b. 1 Jun 1801 Whitingham, Windham, Vt. |
| 10. Louisa Young | b. 26 Sep 1804 , Chenango, N.Y. |
| 11. Lorenzo Dow Young | b. 19 Oct 1807 Smyrna, Chenango, N.Y. |

"In 1827, John moved to Mendon, Monroe County, New York continuing to farm. In 1831 he heard Elders Eleazer Miller and Elial Strong preach the principles revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith. In the month of April, 1832, he went with his sons, Joseph and Phineas to Columbia, Pennsylvania to investigate the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and

to see the Saints and their method of administration. Here he was baptized on the 5th of April, 1832, by Elder Ezra Landon.

He removed with his family to Kirtland, Ohio, in the fall of 1832; and in 1834 he was ordained a patriarch by the Prophet Joseph Smith, being one of the first to hold that office in the Church, and blessed his family.

"The story of this ordination as told by Brigham Young in a sermon was that Grandfather Young was very sick and about to die. He sent for his children to give them a blessing before he died. Brigham, who was there, suggested that some of them should go to the Prophet and ask him about the matter. This was done, Brigham being one of those who visited the Prophet on this mission; the Prophet said at once that Grandfather Young's request and desire was within his prerogative, and that he would go over and ordain him as a patriarch then he would be empowered by that especial calling to fulfill the desire of his heart." (Susa Young Gates notes on the Young and Howe Families)

LORENZO DOW YOUNG REMEMBERS HIS MOTHER

Lorenzo recalled that his mother (Nabby) was, "a praying, fervent woman" and an invalid until she died when he was seven, "frequently called me to her bedside and counseled me to be a good man that the Lord might bless my life." He added, "On one occasion she told me that if I would not neglect to pray to my Heavenly Father, he would send a guardian angel to protect me in the dangers to which I might be exposed."

His mother's admonition and promise sustained Lorenzo through a lifelong series of illnesses and accidents. Lorenzo was convinced that "the guardian angel, promised him by his mother, watched over his spiritual as well as temporal welfare."

Nabby was one of the five popular Howe sisters of Shewsbury, near Hopkinton; pretty girls, vivacious, and musical...All were very devout and deeply concerned with Puritan religious life." Physically, Nabby was "a little above medium height. She had blue eyes, with yellowish brown hair, folded in natural waves and ringlets across her shapely brow." And the nineteen-year-old was "exceedingly methodical and orderly in her temperament." She had innate medical ability, as her son Phinehas testified:

"My earliest recollection of the scenes of life are relating to myself and my brother Joseph. A short time before I was two

years old, he cut off my right hand, except a small portion of my little finger, with an ax, while we were at play. My mother doctored it and saved it."

Despite John's industry, Nabby's thrift, and occasional prospects for economic improvement, the Youngs never had material success. Sacrifice, illness and poverty were constant, unremitting companions. Brigham reflected years later on the discrepancies between his father's dreams and the disheartening reality: "My father was a poor, honest, hard-working man; and his mind seemingly stretched from east to west, from north to south; and to the day of his death he wanted to command worlds." (excerpt from Ensign August 1980)

Lorenzo remembered his mother as afflicted with consumption for many years and when he was about seven years of age she passed away on June 11, 1815 in Aurelius, Cayuga County, New York.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE YOUNG FAMILY IN MORMONISM

April 1830 brought the formal organization of the restored Church of Jesus Christ- and the prophet lost little time in commencing missionary efforts. Samuel H. Smith was on the road by June, preaching and selling copies of the Book of Mormon.

On the second day of his journey, Smith called at the home of John P. and Rhoda Young Green. Greene, a Methodist minister, expressed no interest in the book but in kindness took a few copies to sell them on an upcoming preaching tour. Samuel Smith left, promising to return in two weeks. Later, "more out of curiosity than desire, both Mr. Green and his wife read the book and were deeply impressed. Samuel sold a copy to Phineas Howe Young, and this copy was read by his brother Brigham. This brought the first direct information of the restoration of the gospel to the Young family."

Lorenzo's father John lived to partake of both the joys and sufferings of the Lord's elect. He moved with his family to Kirtland in the fall of 1833. The next year he was ordained a patriarch by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Little is recorded of his persecutions, but the Prophet Joseph Smith recorded John Young's October 1839 death by reflecting on the difficulties of his final years: (Ensign August 1980) "He was...a firm believer in the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ; and fell asleep under the influence of that faith that buoyed up his soul, in the pangs of

death, to a glorious hope of immortality; fully testifying to all, that the religion he enjoyed in life was able to support him in death. He was driven from Missouri with the Saints in the latter part of the last year. He died a martyr to the religion of Jesus, for his death was caused by his sufferings in the cruel persecution." (History of the Church)

LORENZO DOW YOUNG

Lorenzo Dow Young was the father of John Ray Young and the grandfather of Edward Webb Young. Lorenzo was one of the original pioneers of Utah who entered the Salt Lake valley on the July 24, 1847. Lorenzo was born October 19, 1807, at Smyrna, Chenango County, New York, a son of John Young and Nabby Howe. He was the youngest brother of President Brigham Young. As a child he was very sickly, but was put to work with a gardener and nursery man James Little. This was the same James Little that married his sister Susannah. This labor, although somewhat strenuous, improved his health and was also of great advantage to the Utah pioneers as Lorenzo was the first to cultivate garden flowers in the Salt Lake Valley, and was successful in raising fine vegetables. (excerpt from LDS Biographical Encyclopedia)

THE GOLDEN CARRIAGE

In the autumn of 1816, when about nine years of age, Lorenzo had a peculiar dream of which he recorded in his history:

"I thought I stood in an open space of ground and saw a good, well defined road leading, at an angle of forty five degrees, into the air as far as I could see. I heard a noise similar to that of a carriage in rapid motion, at what seemed the upper end of the road. In a moment it came into sight, drawn by a pair of beautiful white horses. The carriage and harness appeared brilliant with gold, and the horses traveled with the speed of the wind. It was manifested to me that the Savior was in the carriage, and that it was driven by his servant. It stopped near me and the Savior inquired, "Where is your Brother Brigham?" after answering His question He inquired about my other brothers, and concerning my father. His queries being answered satisfactorily, He stated that He wanted us all, but especially my brother Brigham. The team then turned about and returned the way it came. So powerful was the impression made on me that I slept no more that night. The idea seized me that some great evil was about to

befall us. I than saw no other interpretation to the dream. Subsequent events proved that it foreshadowed our future. It was evidently fulfilled, when my father and all of his family entered into the new and everlasting Covenant. I told my father the dream and my fears. He comforted me with the assurance that he did not think my interpretation correct. (excerpt from Utah Historical Quarterly XIV)

At Watertown, the 6th of June, 1826, Lorenzo married Miss Persis Goodall, daughter of Joel and Mary (or Molly) Swain Goodall, and soon after moved to Mendon, Monroe County, New York. There he had a remarkable dream or vision which made a life-long impression upon him. As he relates: "...I had a remarkable vision. I fancied that I died.

LORENZO VIEWS THE CITY OF GOD

In a moment I was out of the body, and fully conscious that I had made the change. At once, a heavenly messenger, or guide, was by me. I thought and acted as naturally as I had done in the body, and all my sensations seemed as complete without as with it. The personage with me was dressed in the purest white. For a short time I remained in the room where my body lay. My sister Fanny (who was living with me when I had this dream) and my wife were weeping bitterly over my death. I sympathized with them deeply in their sorrow, and desired to comfort them. I realized that I was under the control of the man who was by me. I begged of him the privilege of speaking to them, but he said he could not grant it. My guide, for so I will call him, said "Now let us go."

Space seemed annihilated. Apparently we went up, and almost instantly were in another world. It was of such magnitude that I formed no conception of its size. It was filled with innumerable hosts of beings, who seemed as naturally human as those among whom I had lived. With some I had been acquainted in the world I had just left. My guide informed me that those I saw had not yet arrived at their final abiding place. All kinds of people seemed mixed up promiscuously, as they were in this world. Their surroundings and manner indicated that they were in a state of expectation, and awaiting some event of considerable importance to them.... Again my guide said, "Now let us go."

In a moment we were at the gate of a beautiful city. A porter opened it and we passed in. The city was grand and beautiful beyond anything that I can describe. It was clothed in

the purest light, brilliant but not glaring or unpleasant. The people, men and women, in their employments and surroundings seemed contented and happy. I knew those I met without being told who they were. Jesus and the ancient apostles were there. I saw and spoke with the apostle Paul.

My guide would not permit me to pause much by the way, but rather hurried me on through this place to another still higher but connected with it. It was still more beautiful and glorious than anything I had before seen. To me its extent and magnificence were incomprehensible.

My guide pointed to a mansion which excelled everything else in perfection and beauty. It was clothed with fire and intense light. It appeared a fountain of light, throwing brilliant scintillations of glory all around it, and I could conceive of no limit to which these emanations extended. Said my guide, "This is where GOD resides." He permitted me to enter this glorious city but a short distance. Without speaking, he motioned that we would retrace our steps.

We were soon in the adjoining city. There I met my mother, and sister who died when six or seven years old. These I knew at sight without an introduction.

After mingling with the pure and happy beings of this place a short time, my guide said again, "Let us go."

We were soon through the gate by which we had entered the city. My guide then said, "Now we will return."

I could distinctly see the world from which we had first come. It appeared to be a vast distance below us. To me, it looked cloudy, dreary and dark. I was filled with sad disappointment, I might say horror, at the idea of returning there. I supposed I had come to stay in that heavenly place, which I had so long desired to see; up to this time, the thought had not occurred to me that I would be required to return.

I plead with my guide to let me remain. He replied that I was permitted to only visit these heavenly cities, for I had not filled my mission in yonder world; therefor I must return and take my body. If I was faithful to the grace of God which would be imparted to me, if I would bear a faithful testimony to the inhabitants of the earth of a sacrificed and risen Savior, and His atonement for man, in a little time I should be permitted to

return and remain.

These words gave me comfort and inspired my bosom with the principle of faith. To me, these things were real. I felt that a great mission had been given me, and I accepted it in my heart.

The responsibility of that mission had rested on me from that time until now.

We returned to my house. Where I found my body, and it appeared to me dressed for burial. It was with great reluctance that I took possession of it to resume the ordinary avocations of life, and endeavor to fill the important mission I had received. I awoke and found myself in bed. I lay and meditated the remainder of the night on what had been shown me.....

From that time, although belonging to no church, the Spirit was with me to testify to the sufferings and atonement of the Savior.....

Lorenzo came in contact with the Latter-day Saint religion through reading the Book of Mormon. He became thoroughly convinced of its divinity.

Even prior to his baptism Lorenzo had preached the eternal gospel. Lorenzo relates the event while visiting his brother-in-law John P. Green in the town of Avon, Pennsylvania.

"As I arrived at Mr. Green's on Saturday, he said, "Brother Lorenzo, I am very glad you have come. I have an appointment to preach tomorrow at 1 o'clock, eight miles from here, but I am very unwell and not able to fill it. I want you to do it for me." Lorenzo marveled at the idea of filling the appointment of a Mormon Elder and said, "You want me to preach as a Mormon Elder when I have not even joined the Church?"

He still desired me to go, with the assurance that all would be right. Evan M. Green, his son, accompanied me with a revelation on the organization of the church, which his father directed him to read to the congregation. Arriving at the place appointed, I found the house full and a Baptist preacher in the stand. I introduced my self to the minister; he invited the congregation to sing; I prayed and E. M. Green read the revelation. I arose and commenced to speak; the good spirit was with me. I had much freedom and talked about one hour and a quarter. At the close I gave the privilege for anyone to speak

who wished. The Baptist minister arose and bore his testimony that what they had heard was true Bible doctrine and could not be questioned.

After the meeting closed five persons gathered around me and wished to be baptized. Knowing I had not received the Ordinance, I put them off, telling them that when Elder Green came to fill the next appointment that had been given out for him, he would baptize them. Among those who at that time requested baptism were the Brothers Joseph and Chandler Holbrook, and Mary Ann Angell, afterwards the wife of Brigham Young.

The following morning during September of 1832 I told Elder Green that as I had believed in the Gospel for some time and preached as a Mormon Elder, I thought it was time that I was baptized. He administered the Ordinances, ordained me an Elder, and I went on my way rejoicing. (excerpt Utah Historical Quarterly Vol. XIV)

LORENZO IN KIRTLAND

In March, 1833 Lorenzo Young followed his father and his brother Phineas to Kirtland, Ohio. The Kirtland Temple Committee was appointed June 6th of that year. About that time with his team Lorenzo took Hyrum and Joseph Smith and his brother Brigham and Elder Cahoon to examine a stone quarry to see if the rock was suitable for the walls of the Temple. It was decided that it would do, and a part of a load was put on the wagon. All returned to town and the rock was unloaded on the Temple ground. The Prophet remarked, "We have hauled the first load of rock of the temple." From that time Lorenzo labored on the temple as occasion required, until its completion. (excerpt from Utah Historical Quarterly.)

WORKING ON THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE

Before the mortar was dry, Lorenzo, with a suitable tool made by himself, marked off the walls into blocks in imitation of regular stone work, and at the proper time commenced penciling.

Lorenzo persevered day after day, determined if possible to complete the task. When badly chilled he went into his house to get warm and again returned to the work. The work was completed on the 8th of January, 1836. From the work done in the cold

Lorenzo became gravely ill. Hyrum Smith administered to him with other brethren. The spirit rested mightily upon him and he was full of prophecy. He said "I should regain my health, live to go to the Rocky Mountains to build up a place there, and that my cellar should overflow with wine and fatness.

At that time I had not heard about the Saints going to the Rocky Mountains; possibly Brother Hyrum Smith had." (excerpt from Utah Historical Quarterly.)

The full context of the episode is from Lorenzo's own record.

MY WORK ON THE EARTH NOT YET FINISHED

"I was so low and nervous that I could scarcely bear any noise in the room. The next morning after the visit of the doctors, my father (John) came to the door of the room to see how I was, and I recall his gazing earnestly at me with tears in his eyes. As I afterwards learned he went from there to the Prophet Joseph and said to him: "My son, Lorenzo, is dying; can there not be something done for him?" The Prophet studied a few moments and replied, "Yes; of necessity I must go away to fill an appointment which I cannot put off. But you go and get my brother Hyrum, and with him get together twelve or fifteen good faithful brethren; go to the house of Brother Lorenzo and all join in prayer; one by mouth and the others repeat after him in unison. After prayer divide into quorums of three. Let the first quorum who administer anoint Brother Young with oil, then lay hands on him, one being mouth, and the other two repeating in unison with him.

When all the quorums have, in succession, laid their hands on Brother Young and prayed for him, begin again with the first quorum by anointing, continuing the administration in this way until you receive a testimony that he will be restored."

My father came with fifteen of the brethren and these instructions were strictly followed. The administrations were continued until it came the turn of the first quorum the third time. Brother Hyrum Smith led. The spirit rested mightily upon him and he was full of blessing and prophecy. He said that I should regain my health, live to go with the Saints into the bosom of the Rocky Mountains to build up a place there, and that my cellar should overflow with wine and fatness.

At that time I had not heard about the Saints going to the

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Rocky Mountains; possibly Brother Smith had. After he was through the administration he seemed surprised at some things he had said, and wondered at the manifestations of the spirit. I coughed no more and rapidly recovered. I had been pronounced by the best physicians in the country past all human aid. I am now a living witness of the power of God through the administrations of the Elders."

It appears that Lorenzo Young's statement of Hyrum Smith's prophecy is the first reference to a Mormon settlement in the Rocky Mountains. Brigham H. Roberts, History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints records another account on 6 August 1842 and on several other occasions. But Lorenzo's blessing appears to be the first mentioning the Saints in the Rocky Mountains.

LORENZO DOW YOUNG SPEAKS FROM THE GRAVE

We can learn a great lesson from our ancestor Lorenzo Dow Young. At times we may be tempted to turn down opportunity thinking we are not suited for what we have been asked. I have then reflected on council Lorenzo Dow Young gave. The Prophet Joseph Smith called him to sit on the High Council in Kirtland. He relates: "On that occasion I committed a grave error and desire to leave a record of it for a lesson to others. The Prophet requested me to take a seat with the brethren who had been selected for his Council. Instead of doing so I arose and pleaded my inability to fill so responsible a position, manifesting, I think, considerable earnestness in the matter. He then said he really desired I should take the place; but as I still excused myself he appointed another to fill it. I think that was the reason he never again called me to fill any important position in the priesthood. I have since learned to go where I am called." (excerpt from Utah Historical Quarterly.)

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The following summer Lorenzo settled his business affairs and started for the gathering place of the Saints in Missouri. When he arrived in Missouri..."Brother Lorenzo, by the counsel of Joseph, went to Daviess County and purchased a farm of 160 acres from a Missourian, where he put in his summer crop, built a new house, purchased stock, planted an orchard and prepared himself for a permanent home. He remained there in peace until the fall, when he was warned to leave the county because of peril to his life, being threatened that his house and property would be burned and his family in it, in case he did not leave at a stated date.

He thus was obliged to leave his farm with more than 1,000 bushel of corn standing in the field, and was driven away in such haste that he only took his family and what effects he could take in one small carriage, and was never permitted to return or get his property. He proceeded to Far West, a distance of twenty-two miles, and joined his brethren standing guard one-half of each night for three weeks. At this time he was engaged, under brother David W. Patten, in the Crooked River battle." (The History of Brigham Young)

THE BATTLE OF CROOKED RIVER

For several weeks Lorenzo had not rested and told his wife Persis he hoped to get a good nights sleep. He then goes on to relate the following story of the Battle of Crooked River that took place Oct. 25, 1838.

"Perhaps I had slept two hours, when I was awakened by the bass drum sounding the alarm on the public square. I was soon out to see what was the matter. There were five men on the ground, of whom I inquired the cause of the alarm. They informed me that two of the brethren had been taken prisoners by the mob on Crooked River, tried by a court martial that day, and condemned to be shot the coming morning at eight o'clock. A company of men was wanted to go and rescue them. Preparations were hurried and in short time forty mounted men, under the command of David W. Patten were ready to start.

We kept the road to a ford on Crooked river, twenty miles distant, where we expected to find the mob. As day was breaking we dismounted about a mile from the ford, tied our horses and left Brother Isaac Decker to watch them. We marched down the road some distance when we heard the crack of a rifle. O'Banion (Patrick O'Banion), who was one step in advance of me, fell. I assisted John P. Green, who was captain of my platoon, to carry him to the side of the road. We asked the Lord to preserve his life, laid him down, put a man to care for him, ran on and took our place again. The man who shot Brother O'Banion was a picket guard of the mob, who was secreted by the road-side. Colonel Patten (known as "Captain Fearnaught" wearing a white blanket coat for all to see) at this time was in the advance at the head of the company. As we neared the river the firing was somewhat lively, and he turned to the left of the road with a part of the command, while Captain P. P. Pratt and others turned to the right. We were ordered to charge, which we did to the bank of the river, when the enemy broke and fled.

I snapped my gun twice at a man, and while engaged in repriming, he got out of range. A tall, powerful Missourian sprang from under the bank of the river and with a heavy sword in hand, rushed towards one of the brethren (who afterward proved to be Robert Thompson) crying out, "Run you devils or die!" Brother Thompson was also armed with a sword, but was a small man and poorly calculated to withstand the heavy blows of the Missourian. He defended himself well, but his enemy was forcing him back towards a log over which he would doubtless soon have fallen and been slain. I ran to his aid and leveled my gun within two feet of his antagonist, but it again missed fire.

The Missourian turned on me, and Brother Thompson, for some reason, did not come to the rescue, as it seems he should have done. I succeeded in parrying the Missourian's blows until he backed me to the bank of the river. A perilous situation, for I could go no further without going off the perpendicular bank, eight or ten feet to the water. In a moment I realized my chances were desperate. At this juncture the Missourian raised his sword, apparently throwing all his strength and energy into the act, as if intending to crush me with one desperate blow. As his arm extended I saw a white hand pass down the back of his head and between his shoulders. For a moment his arm seemed paralyzed, giving me sufficient time to deal him a desperate blow with the breech of my gun, which parted at the handle, sending the butt some distance from me and bending the barrel (as was afterward ascertained) ten inches. As my enemy fell his sword dropped from his grasp; I seized it and dealt him three desperate blows on the neck. At the same time John P. Green, the captain of my ten, came up and reported that Colonel Patten was killed. In the midst of much excitement I reached him. He lay on the ground badly wounded in the abdomen. Said he, "Get a horse and get me away from here."

Our horses were a mile in the rear, but there were a number of the enemy's tethered around unsaddled. Standing near was a Missourian who had been taken prisoner, guarded by two of the brethren. I requested him to bring a saddle. Considering the situation and his condition he answered me very impertinently. Instantly my blood boiled with indignation. I drew the sword I had taken from the Missourian and declared with an emphasis that gave the man to understand that I was in earnest. "You scoundrel, get a saddle at once or I will take your head from your shoulders."

He instantly started for a tent, closely followed by me. He brought a saddle which was put on to a horse. Colonel Patten was raised up to put him into the saddle, but so severely did it hurt

him that he begged to be laid down again. Then a pair of the enemy's horses were harnessed to one of their wagons. With two other brethren I went to a tent and gathered up a lot of bedding and put it into the wagon for the wounded. I got into the wagon and took Brother Patten, as the brethren handed him up, and laid him in the blankets. He was a man weighting 180 pounds. It afterwards appeared almost miraculous to me that, in the excitement of the occasion, I handled him and others of the wounded so easily.

Besides Colonel Patten there were five other wounded men put into the wagon: James Hendricks, Wm. Seely, a Brother Hodge, and two others whose names are forgotten. The body of Brother O'Banion, who was killed, was also put in with the wounded. That of Gideon Carter, for some reason not seen at the time, was left on the ground but was afterwards recovered." (Utah Historical Quarterly Vol XIV)

"Upon leaving Missouri, in consequence of the extermination order of Governor Lillburn Boggs, in 1839, Lorenzo located in Scott County, Illinois, where he made a farm and remained until 1841, when he removed to Macedonia, Illinois and tarried there a year, when he removed to Nauvoo, Illinois." (The History of Brigham Young)

THE EXTERMINATION ORDER RESCINDED

It was not until 1976 that the extermination order was rescinded as quoted in the Deseret News June 26, 1976.

Jefferson City, Mo.-

The Missouri "Mormon extermination order" of 1838 was rescinded Friday by Gov. Christopher S. Bond, who called the incident a dark chapter in Missouri history.

The extermination order was issued on Oct 27, 1838 by Missouri Gov. L. W. Boggs, who directed General John B. Clark to drive the Mormons from his state.

As early as 1838 General Clark had said to the saints: "You must no more organize with Presidents and Bishops; you must scatter out among the people. And if you ever get together again, I will be upon you, and I will not show the mercy that I have shown this time." (Memoirs of John R. Young)

The 137-year-old executive order said, "The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the state, if necessary for the public good."

In rescinding the order, Bond expressed "on behalf of all Missourians our deep regret for the injustice and undue suffering which was caused by this 1838 order."

The governor's assistant, Don Sipple, said the action to rescind the order was prompted by a Missouri citizen's group which brought the matter to the governor's attention.

After signing the order to rescind the earlier order, Bond said, "This is a dark chapter in Missouri history. In this, our country's 200th birthday, it is fitting to reaffirm our belief in the principles which our founding fathers recognized in our state's and nation's Constitution and Bill of Rights."

He also said Boggs' order "clearly contravened the rights of the Mormon people to life, liberty, property and religious freedom."

The extermination order was issued at a time in Missouri history when there was friction between Mormons and non-Mormons. Boggs accused the Mormons of having "made open war upon the people of this state."

The issuance of the order resulted in large scale attacks on Mormons in Missouri by state troops and citizens.

Many Mormons - men, women and children - were killed in attacks that followed Boggs' order.

Boggs' order to Clark said, "...you will proceed immediately to Richmond, and there operate against the Mormons. Brigadier General Parks, of Ray, has been ordered to have 400 men of his brigade in readiness to join you at Richmond. The whole force will be placed under your command."

Sipple said Bond has rescinded the Boggs order, "Executive Order 44," now as a Bicentennial tribute to the Mormon people and as a reaffirmation of basic American principles.

"As we reflect on our nation's heritage, the exercise of religious freedom is without question one of the basic tenets of our free democratic republic," Bond said.

The order has long since been ignored in Missouri, where The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints now has three stakes (1976). They are in Columbia, Independence and Kansas City.

And after less than ten years in Nauvoo the saints were driven from there also. Prior to the winter exodus Lorenzo received his endowments in the Nauvoo temple.

THE NAUVOO TEMPLE

John R. Young remembers the Nauvoo Temple: "In the sacred font of that temple in Nauvoo, parents were baptized for their dead children, and children for their dead parents. There the husband and wife were sealed as such for eternity, and family ties were cemented to last forever. In the faith of every Latter-day Saint, the temple was therefore the Holy of Holies, the most sacred of all sacred places. Our enemies knew this; and fearing, that as long as the temple stood, we might be tempted to return, they resolved to destroy it.

"A purse of five hundred dollars was raised by subscription and given to Joseph Agnew if he would burn it. On the night of October 6, 1848, Thomas C. Sharp and Agnew rode from Carthage to Nauvoo, twenty miles, and having a key to the front door, Sharp stood guard, while Agnew ascended to an upper floor and fired it. At sunrise the next morning there was nothing left but its four blackened walls." (Memoirs of John R. Young)

It is perhaps from the temple blessings that they had received in the Nauvoo Temple that the pioneers received courage to cross the plains.

This feeling is expressed in the song, Come, Come Ye Saints.

"And should we die before our journeys through
happy day all is well.

We then are free from toil and sorrow too.
With the just we shall dwell.

THE MORMON BATTALION

The saints were met on the plains by United States government

officials. The request for 500 men to fight our countries battles in Mexico was met with doubt and skepticism. But when President Young promised that no life would be lost, 500 of the ablest bodied men in the camp came forward. And what was thought by the saints to be a way to destroy the camp by the federal government became a way to supply the poor and starving saints with means to purchase and supply the long trip west.

Winter Quarters and Garden Grove were the final resting place for many of the saints. Perhaps death was more merciful than what the living had to contend with. Many others were buried along the way in shallow graves with only a momentary farewell.

The Saints were not certain where their final destination would be. Brigham Young speaking his mind said, "If there is a place on this earth that our enemies do not want, that's the place I'm hunting for." (Memoirs of John R. Young)

Some said Oregon would be the place to go, others suggested California. John R. Young said that for a year they had been singing:

"In upper California, O that's the land for me
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea.
The Saints can be protected there, and enjoy their liberty
In upper California, O that's the land for me."

..... But then the Saints "recalled to mind that on the 6th of August, 1842, Joseph had prophesied: "You will be driven to the Rocky Mountains; many will apostatize, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease; yet some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and in building cities and will see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains." (Memoirs of John R. Young)

The migration of the Mormons was difficult with most families loosing loved ones to the rigors of weather and disease.

The following song is reminiscent of what the journey was like.

THE LONESOME ROVING WOLVES

The Mormons were camped down by the green grove.
Where the pure waters flow from the mountains above.

We think of Utah's Dixie as a desert area but the pioneers were met by 40 consecutive days of rain in late 1861 and the area became a quagmire. John R. must have been in Santa Clara at the fort during this flood for he was the one that was credited with saving Jacob Hamblin's life as the flood washed the fort away. Let us back up to the beginning of 1861 which was a most eventful year.

MORMON SCOUT

On January 1, 1861 he married Lydia Knight, daughter of Newel Knight. Everything he touched seemed to prosper and the little family was happy. The fall of 1861 he was called to help settle Dixie. He went to Santa Clara, and had just put up a rude home and cleared a few acres of land, when a flood came and destroyed almost everything. In the spring of 1862 he was called by his bishop to drive an ox team to Omaha, Nebraska, to get some cotton gins and spinning ginnies for the ward. As he was ready to leave a telegram from President Young instructed him to buy more teams and wagons and clear out the Church warehouse at Florence. On the 17th of August, he and his company started for Salt Lake City. AT Elm Creek they were charged by a stampeded herd of buffalo. With great difficulty they turned them aside and kept the train from being trampled to pieces. Arriving in Salt Lake, President Young gave him a beautiful Canadian mare for his labors.

At Provo, he found his wife, Lydia, with a babe named Lydia Roseanna. It was late in the fall when he returned to Santa Clara with the machinery he had started for. He found Albina and babe well, but still living in a tent. In 1863 he was called to go back to the states and help gather the poor. He was put in charge of a company of Danish people. Upon returning to Santa Clara he found his two wives living in a one-room adobe house, built by his brother-in-law, Samuel Knight. He was called to move to St. George, where he erected a small hewn-log house. It was hardly finished when he received a letter calling him on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands, and March 20, 1864 he left for Salt Lake City. John R. sold everything he owned to raise the money needed for this mission. His wives and children went to their fathers' homes. Toward the spring of 1865 he returned and found his families were having a hard struggle. Soon he was called to work among the Indians as a missionary. Finally he moved to Washington, Utah where he labored three years in the cotton factory. (Our Pioneer Heritage, Mormon Scouts pp. 390-391)

One of St. George's early pioneers Charles Walker wrote the following song about the struggles of those who pioneered Dixie.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

1. Oh, what an awful place this was
when first the Mormons found it.
They said no white man could live here
and Indians prowl'd around it.

They said the land it was no good.
The water was no gooder.
The bare idea of living here
was enough to make men shudder.
2. Now green Lucerne in verdant spots
Redeems our thriving city.
While vines and fruit-trees grace our lots
with flowers sweet and pretty.

Where once the grass in single blades
grew a mile apart in distance.
It kept the crickets on the hop
to pick up their subsistence.
3. The sun it is so scorching hot
it makes the water sizz, sir,
The reason that it is so hot is
just because it is, sir.

The wind with fury here doth blow,
that when we plant or sow, sir.
We place one foot upon the seeds
and hold them till they grow sir.

chorus:
Mesquite, soap-root, prickly pear and briars.
St. George ere long will be a place
that everyone admires.

In 1862, again responding to a call from Church authorities, he went to Omaha to gather the poor, crossing the mountains and

CHAPTER II

KNIGHT FAMILY

Ancestry of Edward Webb Young

To show the descent of the Knight history I insert the following.

1. Joseph Knight (b. 1772; md. Polly Peck)
2. Newell Knight (b. 1800; md. Lydia Goldthwaite)
3. Lydia Knight (b. 1844; md. John Ray Young)
4. Edward Webb Young (b. 1882; md. Gladys Lovina Wilson)

THE NEW WORD BRINGS GLADNESS

Joseph Knight was born November 26, 1772 in Oakham, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Joseph's parents were Benjamin Knight and it is believed Hannah Crouch also of Massachusetts. Joseph married Polly Peck, January 18, 1796. Polly was born April 6, 1774 in Guilford, Windham County, Vermont the daughter of Joseph Peck and Elizabeth Read.

After Joseph and Polly married they moved to New York in 1809 and settled on the Susquehanna River, near the Great Bend, in the township of Bainbridge, Chenango County. Two years later he moved to Colesville, Broome County, New York where one of the first branches of the church was organized.

Joseph Knight was well advanced in years, nearing 60 years of age when he joined the Mormon Church in 1830.

Joseph Knight owned a farm and on the farm had a grist mill and carding machine. He was not a wealthy man but he obtained enough of the worlds goods to be comfortable.

The children of Joseph and Polly included:

Nahum Knight	2 Jul 1796	Marlborough, Windham, Vermont
Esther Knight	25 Apr 1798	Marlborough, Windham, Vermont
Newell Knight	13 Sep 1800	Marlborough, Windham, Vermont
Anna Knight	6 Mar 1804	Marlborough, Windham, Vermont
Joseph Knight	21 Jun 1808	Halifax, Windham, Vermont
Polly Knight	7 Mar 1811	Halifax, Windham, Vermont
Elizabeth Knight	22 Jul 1817	Colesville, Broome, New York

Newell described his father as: "Sober, honest man, generally respected and beloved by his neighbors and acquaintances."

Joseph Smith in his history of August 22, 1842, refers to Joseph Knight in the following terms: "I am now recording in the Book of the Law of the Lord, of such as have stood by me every hour of peril, for these fifteen long years past-say, for instance, my aged and beloved brother, Joseph Knight, Sen., who was among the number of the first to administer to my necessities, while I was laboring in the commencement of the bringing forth of the work of the Lord and of laying the foundation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For fifteen years he has been faithful and true, and even-handed, and exemplary, and virtuous, and kind, never deviating to the right hand or to the left. Behold he is a righteous man; may God Almighty lengthen out the old man's days; and may his trembling, tortured and broken body be renewed and the vigor of health turn upon him, if it can be Thy will, consistently, O God; and it shall be said of him by the sons of Zion, while there is one of them remaining, that this man was a faithful man in Israel, therefore his name shall never be forgotten, There are his sons, Newel Knight and Joseph Knight, jun., whose names I record in the Book of the Law of the Lord with unspeakable delight, for they are my friends." (Mill. Star 19:756)

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

The Knights were among the first members of the church in this dispensation. And to show you the persecution involved against the Knight family let us go to the book, Historical Record Vol 5,6,7,8 Book I, Joseph Smith, The Prophet. It states:

"Shortly after this Conference David Whitmer baptized the following persons in Seneca Lake; John Poorman, John Jolly, Jerushee Smith, Catherine Smith, William Smith, Don C. Smith, Peter Rockwell, Caroline Rockwell and Electra Rockwell."

Immediately after this conference, Joseph again returned to his own home in Pennsylvania, and from thence, accompanied by his wife and David Whitmer, he visited Joseph Knight, at Colesville, Broome County, New York, They found many in that neighborhood who believed and were anxious to be baptized. The Prophet Joseph Smith writes:

"We appointed a meeting for the Sabbath, and on the afternoon

CHAPTER IV

JOHNSON FAMILY

Ancestors of Gladys Lovina Wilson

Life of Benjamin Franklin Johnson

Benjamin Franklin Johnson was born July 28, 1818, in the town of Pomfret, Chataqua County, New York, he relates, "my father, Ezekiel Johnson, was born in Uxbridge, Massachusetts, January 12, 1776, and my mother, Julia Hills, was born in Upton, Massachusetts, September 26, 1783.

The Johnson family was closely knit, united by the inspiration of a beautiful and loving mother. (My Lifes Review) Julia was especially diligent in providing moral and spiritual training for her many children. Joel Hills Johnson, the eldest in the family, observed:

"I was so carefully instructed by a pious mother that I dared not do anything that would displease the Lord or my parents. "As soon as I could read, she gave me a small New Testament which I carried in my pocket." (Voice From The Mountains)

To this Benjamin Franklin Johnson added: "In childhood my advantages for parental instruction and discipline were not great, owing to my mother's large family and my father's intemperate habits, but no influence was so potent as the love of my parents and my home, to restrain me to obedience and to the love of truth. (Mormonism as the Issue)

"To my parents were born sixteen children, namely: Joel Hills, Nancy Marie, Seth Gurnsey, Delcina Diadamia, Julia Ann, David, Almera Woodward, Susan Ellen, Joseph Ellis, Benjamin Franklin, Mary Maria, Elmer Wood, George Washington, William Derby, Esther Meleta and Amos Partridge. Excepting Elmer Wood Johnson who died in infancy, all arrived at maturity, and all were among the first to embrace the fullness of the gospel.

The children of Ezekiel Johnson and Julia Hills included:

Joel Hills Johnson	23 Mar 1802	Grafton, Mass.
Nancy Mariah Johnson	1803	Northborough, Mass.
Seth Gurnsey Johnson	14 Feb 1805	Royalton, Mass.
Delcina Diadamia Johnson	19 Nov 1806	Westfork, Vt.

Descendants of Benjamin Franklin Johnson to the royal line:

1. Gladys Lovina Wilson (b. 1888; md. Edward Webb Young)
2. Julia Didama Johnson (b. 1845; md. David Johnson Wilson)
3. Benjamin Franklin Johnson (b. 1818; md. Melissa LeBaron)
4. Julia Hills (b. 1783; md. Ezekiel Johnson)
5. Joseph Hills (b. 1758; md. Esther Ellis)
6. Margaret Fisher (b. 1728; md. Jabez Hills)
7. Isaac Fisher (b. 1694; md. Esther Mann)
8. Anna Whitney (b. 1660; md. Cornelius Fisher)
9. Jonathan Whitney (b. 1634; md. Lydia Jones)
10. John Whitney (b. 1589; md. Elinor)
11. Thomas Whitney (b. abt. 1563 md. Mary Bray)
12. Robert Whitney (b. abt. 1543 md. Elizabeth Guillims)
13. Sir Robert Whitney (b. abt. 1517 md. Sybil Baskerville)
14. Robert Whitney (b. abt 1491 md. Margaret Wye)
15. James Whitney (b. abt. 1465 md. Blanche Milbourne)
16. Constance Touchet (b. abt. 1443 md. Sir Robert Whitney)
17. Eleanor de Holand (b. abt. 1404 md. James Touchet)
18. Constance, Countess of Gloucester (b. abt. 1374)
19. Edmund, Prince of England md. Isabel, Princess of Castile
20. Edward III, King of England (b. 13 Nov. 1312)

Julia Ann Johnson	9 Nov 1808	Westfork, Vt.
David Johnson	10 Sep 1810	Westfork, Vt.
Almera Woodward Johnson	12 Oct 1812	Westfork, Vt.
Susan Ellen Johnson	16 Dec 1814	Pomfret, N.Y.
Joseph Ellis Johnson	28 Apr 1817	Pomfret, N.Y.
Benjamin Franklin Johnson	28 Jul 1818	Pomfret, N.Y.
Mary Ellen Johnson	7 Feb 1820	Pomfret, N.Y.
Elmer Wood Johnson	26 May 1822	Pomfret, N.Y.
George Washington Johnson	19 Feb 1823	Pomfret, N.Y.
William Derby Johnson	27 Oct 1824	Pomfret, N.Y.
Esther Melita Johnson	27 Jan 1827	Pomfret, N.Y.
Amos Partridge Johnson	15 Jan 1829	Pomfret, N.Y.

Benjamin was proud of his Puritan and Mayflower progenitors who he claimed, were the first of American's sons to offer their blood as the price of freedom and liberty for their children. (Mormonism as an Issue) Among these was a grandfather who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill.

"In what was then a wild and almost frontier region, with heavy primeval forests to clear away before a meager crop of anything could be raised from virgin soil for food, it seemed to require a giant fortitude and great patience on the part of all, to wait for results. My father for a series of years wrestled with the herculean task of clearing off the forests, but worn with incessant labors and the care of so large a family, he sought for a stimulus, and in my earliest childhood became addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

"It almost seemed that I was born to be a child of sorrow.

"In my earlier years, although but a child, I was often led to wonder at the difference between the present and former religions, and especially in the life and character of their advocates. And in reading of the persecution of our Savior, His apostles, and the prophets. My very soul would become enthused with the wish that I had lived in their day, or that the day of prophets and revelation might come again while I yet lived.

"In the year 1829, in our village paper, was published an account of some young man professing to have seen an angel, who had shown and delivered to him golden plates, engraved in a strange language and hid up in the earth, from which he translated a new Bible, and I could hardly refrain from wishing or hoping it might be so. I think it was the year previous that there was seen at night in the heavens a large ball of light, like fire, which

passed from the east to the western horizon. I afterwards learned from those who should know, that this sign was given the night following the day on which the plates were taken from the earth by the Prophet Joseph.

"About this time we began to hear more about the "Golden Bible" that had been found by "Joe Smith" the "money digger," etc, etc. My elder brother, David, having gone to visit my brother Joel Hills Johnson in Amherst, Ohio, had remained there until the next season, in the spring of which the first Elders, going from Kirtland to Missouri, stopped and raised up a large branch of the Church into which both of my brothers were baptized.

"Previous to this, rumors had come from Ohio of the spread of what was called "Campbellism," a new sect, of which Sidney Rigdon was then the chief apostle, and through fear that my brothers would become deluded by the new doctrines, my mother had written a letter of caution to them, which was soon answered to say that they had both joined the "Mormonites" (then so called), believers in the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon or "Golden Bible." This news came upon us almost as a horror and a disgrace. The first news was soon followed by the Book of Mormon, accompanied by a lengthy explanation. On the receipt of which my mother, brother Seth, sister Nancy, and Lyman R. Sherman, with some of the neighbors, all devoted to religion, would meet together secretly to read the Book of Mormon, and the accompanying letter, or perhaps to deplore the delusion into which my brothers had fallen. But their reading soon led to marveling at the simplicity and purity of what they read, and at the spirit which accompanied it.

"After a few days of secrecy I was permitted to meet with them, to hear it read, being then 13 years of age; and in listening, a feeling of the most intense anxiety came over me to learn more. It seemed as if I must hear it all before I could be satisfied; and the principle of faith began to spring up in my heart to believe it. This was in the early fall of 1831. Now a bright hope began to arise in my heart that there really was a living prophet on the earth, and my greatest fear was that it would not prove true."

The Johnson family excepting the father had joined the church by 1833 and moved from New York to Kirtland, Ohio.

Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates "in the fall of 1833, while yet there were but few saints in Kirtland, and those all of

the poorer class. It was required by the Lord that a temple would be built at that place."

"On the night of the 14th of November of 1834 was seen a fulfillment of one of the noted predictions of our Savior pertaining to the last days, that we had so often heard quoted by the elders, that "the stars should fall from heaven as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs." But my pen is inadequate to give a description of the scene than presented, for the heavens were full of a blazing storm, from zenith to horizon, and a view more sublime and terrible the eyes of man may never have seen. It appeared for a time that both the heavens and the earth were on fire. I gazed upon the scene with wondering awe, but with a full realization of its purport as a sign of the last days. I afterwards learned that it occurred on the night following the driving of the Saints from Jackson County, Missouri." (excerpt from My Life's Review.)

MELISSA BLOOMFIELD LEBARON

Melissa was born in 1817 at LeRoy, Genessee County, New York. The LeBaron family came in the 1600s to New England from Bordeaux, France. And her immigrant ancestor Francis LeBaron settled at Plymouth, Massachusetts where he married and died.

Benjamin Franklin Johnson refers to her as, "a young lady of culture and refinement." They were married in the home of Brother Babbet in Kirtland, Ohio 25 December 1841. The Prophet was residing in the Babbet home at the time.

Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates his initial thoughts of Melissa, "Melissa was an orphan, and in appearance, education and ease of manner, had no equal in the vicinity, and it was said there was a money legacy due and waiting her claim in Rochester, New York.

Melissa continued on through the persecutions Missouri, and Illinois. She took the long and difficult trek across the great plains where she saw so many of her comrade saints laid to rest. She continued on to the mountain valleys and there died 14 September 1860. In My Life's Review the death date is listed as 1 September 1860.

Benjamin Franklin Johnson describes her death. "Melissa Bloomfield, the beloved wife of my youth, came to parturition with her ninth child, Leah, a daughter, when all for a time appeared

well. For many years she had been subject to sinking spells from a nervous affection in her head, and overcome by such an attack she sank very low, appearing to suffer for a time and then reviving, seemed desirous to talk, but was too weak to articulate. I saw she was going soon, and called the family, but they had hardly assembled before she drew her last breath. She passed as one falling asleep while in my arms, her head upon my breast. Her infant daughter was by Sarah Jane taken to the breast and cared for by my eldest daughters, but on the 11th of the following April (1861) arriving home from annual conference, I found she had sickened in my absence and died the day of my arrival at home." (excerpt from My Life's Review)

TRAVELING TO MISSOURI

The saints were compelled to leave Ohio and with them went the Johnson's this time to Missouri.

Benjamin Franklin Johnson continues, "in starting for Missouri we had joined what has since been known as the "Kirtland Poor Camp," called so from the fact that the wealthy had apostatized, and those who had means enough got an early start; while the poor, by all journeying together could make an outfit and travel with much less expense."

LIFE IN MISSOURI

Upon arrival in Missouri Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates, "I was counseled by the Prophet to proceed to Diahman to assist with others in strengthening that place against mobs gathering there from the adjoining counties.

"On our arrival at Diahman, our camp was pitched upon the town plat which had just been surveyed by direction of the Prophet, and of course each one was anxious to obtain the most eligible, or the choice of lots. As I was young and unmarried my choice would come near the last under the rule of "oldest served first." So when it was my choice I found I must take the top lot on the promontory overlooking the Grand River Valley, or go farther away and lower down than I wished to. So I chose the upper, which at first appeared rocky, but which made the other lots appear almost enviable. When, after a few days, the Prophet accompanied us to this spot, and pointed out those rocks as the

ones of which Adam built an altar and offered sacrifice upon this spot, where he stood and blessed the multitude of his children, when they called him Michael, and where he will again sit as the Ancient of Days, then I was not envious of anyone's choice for a city lot in Adam-ondi-Ahman." (excerpt from My Life's Review.)

FORCED EXODUS FROM MISSOURI

But peace was not to be found in Missouri and it was not long before Governor Boggs issued the extermination order in which Mormons would leave the state or be subject to execution at the hands of angry mobbers. Benjamin Franklin Johnson fell into the hands of the mobbers and his life was divinely spared. And so he, after his deliverance from the mobbers, with the rest of the faithful saints went to Nauvoo.

TRUSTEE AND AGENT OF THE PROPHET

There were several LDS settlements in the vicinity of Nauvoo and the Prophet requested "Bennie" Benjamin Franklin Johnson as the Prophet called him to remain in Ramus as it was then called, and act as trustee or agent for the Church property. Benjamin Franklin relates, "the Prophet Joseph Smith then made and executed to me a power of attorney to use his name in buying, selling, and deeding property, which power I held and acted upon fully until the day of his martyrdom."

Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates his relationship with the Prophet, "that I was then really the bosom friend and companion of the Prophet Joseph. I was as welcome at the Mansion as at my own house, and on one occasion when at a full table as his family and chosen friends, he placed me at his right hand and introduced me as his "friend, Brother B.F. Johnson, at whose house he sat at a better table than his own." " Sometimes when at my house I asked him questions relating to past, present and future; some of his answers were taken by Brother William Clayton, who was then present with him, and are now recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants; the one as to what the Lord told him in relation to seeing his face at 85 years of age; also the one as to the earth becoming as a sea of glass, molten with fire.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

"In Macedonia, Illinois the Johnsons were quite numerous and influential and the envious dubbed us the "Royal Family." When

Joseph heard of this honor conferred upon us by our neighbors, he said the name was and should be a reality; that we were a royal family; and he knowing the intemperance of my father, said that he should yet be a great man and stand at the head of a kingdom. On one occasion he blessed my mother and told her that not one of all her children should ever leave the Church."

"In lighting the Prophet Joseph to his bed one night he showed me his garments and explained that they were such as the Lord made for Adam from skins, and gave me such ideas pertaining to endowments as he thought proper. He told me Freemasonry, as at present, was the apostate endowments, as sectarian religion was the apostate religion."

One evening Benjamin Franklin Johnson recalled the Prophet called me down, "he called me and my wife to come and sit down, for he wished to marry us according to the Law of the Lord. I thought it a joke, and said I should not marry my wife again, unless she courted me, for I did it all the first time. He chided my levity, told me he was in earnest, and so it proved, for we stood up and were sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise."

"In the spring of 1843 I went with John Smith who lived at and was President at Macedonia, and by him I was ordained to the high priesthood. When he was sent for by the Prophet to receive the Patriarchal Priesthood, I accompanied him to Nauvoo for that purpose, and obtained indirectly his first blessing. My mother having finally separated from my father, by the suggestion or counsel of the Prophet, she accepted of and was sealed by him to Father John Smith. In this I felt not a little sorrow, for I loved my father and knew him to be naturally a kind and loving parent, a just and noble spirited man. Be he had not obeyed the Gospel, had fought it with his words; and as I knew a stream must have a fountain and does not rise above it, so I consoled myself, assured by the Prophet's words that a better day would come to my father." (My Life's Review)

CALLED TO THE COUNCIL OF FIFTY

Joseph Smith kept few secrets from Benjamin. One of the greatest evidences of this occurred in the spring of 1843.

"About this time was organized his private counsel of fifty--the embryo kingdom of God upon the earth--an organization distinct from the Church, a nucleus of popular government which will exist for all people, "Then the heathen are given for an inheritance,

and the uttermost parts of the earth as a possession to him whose right it is to reign," a government formed of representatives from every nation, principality or tribe upon the earth; a government of God for the people and by the people, in which man will be taught to know his origin and to govern himself which will continue through the millennial period as the outer wall or government around the inner temple of priesthood, until all are come to the knowledge of God.

By the Prophet, Brother Babbitt and I were called to Nauvoo and made members of this Council and its organization. (My Lifes Review)

Its sittings were always strictly private, and all its rules were carefully and promptly observed and although its meetings were at times oftener than monthly and my home at Ramus being over twenty miles distant, I was present at every session, and being about the youngest member of that council, I was deeply impressed with all that transpired, or was taught by the Prophet. (Johnson, Letter to Gibbs)

THE FATE OF THE APOSTATE

This was a time when many of the churches most outspoken enemies were apostate members of the church, who "had entered into a secret covenant so much worse than Judas' that they would have the Prophet's life."

"At this time Joseph related a dream of a night or two previous. He said he thought the Law's, the Higbee's, Foster's and others had bound him and cast him into a deep well, and while there he heard terrible cries of anguish and loud calls for him. With his arms pinioned he worked his way by his elbows so he could look over the top, and saw all who had bound him with a terrible serpent just ready to devour them.

He told them in his dream he gladly would help them, but they had bound him and he was powerless now to help them; and in his presence they were devoured by the serpent."

THE LORDS WORK WILL BE COMPLETED

"The Prophet had foreshadowed the close of his own earthly mission, and the near approach of the time when the Saints in tribulation would find a place of refuge in the far-off vales of

the Rocky Mountains, which has already taken place; and also relating still to the future, when a path will be opened for the Saints through Mexico, South America, and to the center Stake of Zion."

THE MANTLE OF PRESIDENCY FALLS ON BRIGHAM

Speaking of the period of time during the martyrdom he said, "At the time of the martyrdom all the Quorum of the Twelve were absent except John Taylor and Dr. Richards, both of whom were with the Prophet in the Carthage jail, and Sidney Rigdon having retained a partial fellowship as one of Joseph's counselors, came forward claiming the right of Guardian of the Church. James J. Strang also claimed through a spurious revelation purporting to be through the Prophet that he should lead the Church. And so matters stood until the return of the Twelve, when a conference was assembled, and President Rigdon was called upon to put forth his claim before the people, which he did, and after closing his remarks, which were void of all power or influence, President Brigham Young arose and spoke. I saw him arise, but as soon as he spoke I jumped upon my feet, for in every possible degree it was Joseph's voice, and his person, in look, attitude, dress and appearance was Joseph himself, personified; and I knew in a moment the spirit and mantle of Joseph was upon him."

ARRIVAL IN THE VALLEY

"We arrived in the Salt Lake Valley October 22, 1848, feeling that the mercy and blessing of the Lord had been with us. I felt, on arriving in the valleys of the mountains to dedicate myself renewedly unto the Lord, to become more fully His servant. The last attack of chills and fever, which had stuck to me over a year and a half, I felt on the Little Mountain, in sight of Salt Lake Valley, since which it has never again afflicted me."

"The Colonial Council or Legislature of Deseret, I think was organized in December, 1848, to which I was elected and held membership through the colonial period."

"In the spring of 1851, President Young invited me to accompany him with an exploring party up the Sevier, and over the mountains into Iron County, to explore the iron and coal mines, etc., which I did."

On the way Brigham Young talked to him about colonizing

the (Spring Lake) Santaquin area of which Benjamin accepted. And was later called to be Bishop of the Spring Lake Ward.

"Later Apostle Snow and Lyman wrote asking me to meet them at annual Conference, which I did. They told me that with my whole family, I would be called at present Conference, to move south and establish a colony in Arizona. I met with the Presidency and Apostles, when the matter was talked over and the mission confirmed. I was instructed to at once commence to arrange for our removal."

The family then made the move to Tempe, Arizona where he relates, "I received a letter from President Taylor saying that by the first Apostle visiting us I should be ordained to be Patriarch; soon after which Apostle B. Young arrived and by him I was ordained January 7, 1883. And in that calling, blessed my children and their mothers, and others, who came from different wards for blessings."

VISIT WITH SAMUEL BRANNON

On one particular trip into Mexico on going to Nogales visited an old schoolmate, the once great Samuel Brannon, the millionaire, now living in great poverty with a Mexican woman, in a poor Mexican hut, decrepit with palsy. Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates, "As I looked upon him with pity, I thought, 'Oh! how art thou so fallen!' "In boyhood we were companions; in manhood he was brilliant as a speaker and writer. He came by the ship Brooklyn to San Francisco in 1847, and through the discovery of gold soon amassed wealth.

He met President Young soon after his arrival at Salt Lake and vehemently urged a removal to California. He was told that Salt Lake was the place for the Saints; and that if he sought only for riches he would die poor and friendless which had now been fulfilled, as no wife or child was left him."

"Poor Sam! To have worked for the Lord would have paid him better."

B. F. loved the Temple and spent long periods of time in St. George doing work for the dead and searching out his ancestors.

There were also during his life time great persecutions because of plural marriage.

And before the Edmunds-Tucker law of 1882 all of his children were born and each of his wives arranged by themselves that the wife with the fewest cares should remain with me, while each of the others received a full share of the common property, and drew aside to live by themselves."

Benjamin Franklin Johnson died November 18, 1905 and was buried in Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona, November 20, 1905.

There was a large concourse of people in attendance to do honor to his name and his remains were followed to the Mesa cemetery by a cortege a mile long.

He settled in Salt Lake and was captain in the first military organization that was formed in Utah to protect the settlers against the Indians. He served a mission to the Sandwich Islands.

He had possibly the largest family, consisting of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of any man then living. At the funeral it was stated that the Johnson family was possibly the largest family in the church. And in 1979 when a new printing of My Life's Review came out it was estimated that his family numbered in the neighborhood of 800 souls.

There are two churches that claim descent of priesthood authority through Benjamin Franklin Johnson. They are (The Church of the First Born) and (Church of the First Born of the Fullness of Times). Both being polygamist groups. Their claim is that Benjamin Franklin Johnson was adopted by the Prophet Joseph Smith and sealed to him. They make the claim that Joseph Smith passed on the presidency of the High Priesthood to Benjamin Franklin Johnson. "Of course this is a fallacious claim. Benjamin Franklin Johnson was at the meeting where the mantle of the Presidency fell upon Brigham Young. Never did he dispute that passage of authority to Brigham Young but he always sustained and followed their direction." (excerpt from My Life's Review.)

Benjamin Franklin Johnson relates, "I will again bear this as a faithful testimony that I do know and bear record that upon the head of Brigham Young as chief, with the Apostleship in full, was by the voice of the Prophet Joseph, in my hearing laid the full responsibility of bearing off the Kingdom of God to all the world. And I do further bear this as a testimony, faithful and true, to the Church and to all the world, that at a conference of the whole Church, at Nauvoo, subsequent to the Prophet's death and before the return of the absent Apostles, that I sat in the assembly near

President Rigdon, closely attentive to his appeal to the conference to recognize and sustain his claim as "Guardian for the Church. And was, perhaps, to a degree, forgetful of what I knew to be the rights and duties of the Apostleship, and as he closed his address and sat down, my back was partly turned to the seats occupied by Apostle Brigham Young and other Apostles. When suddenly, and as from Heaven, I heard the voice of the Prophet Joseph, that thrilled my whole being, and quickly turning around I saw in the transfiguration of Brigham Young the tall, straight and portly form of the Prophet Joseph Smith, clothed in a sheen of light, covering him to his feet; and I heard the real and perfect voice of the prophet even to the whistle as in years passed caused by the loss of a tooth said to have been broken out by the mobs at Nauvoo. This view or vision, although but for seconds, was to me as vivid and real as the glare of lightning or the voice of thunder from the heavens, and so deeply was I impressed with what I saw and heard in the transfiguration, that for years I dared not tell what was given to me of the Lord to see. But when in later years I did publicly bear this testimony, I found that others had testified to having seen and heard the same. But to what proportion of the congregation that were present, I could never know. But I do know this, my testimony is true." (excerpt from Our Pioneer Heritage.)

In about 1870 at Christmas there was a general gathering of the Johnson family and kin at the Social Hall, attended by the First Presidency and principal elders, at which President George A. Smith alluded to historical family incidents; said he became acquainted with the Johnsons while journeying together from New York to Kirtland in 1833; since we had known each member personally; that my brother, Seth was with him in Zion's Camp; that my brother, David, died from overexertion in work on the Kirtland Temple; that our mother was married to his father, and our family was now, perhaps, the largest family in all Israel, and of all the members not one had yet apostatized or been convicted of crime; and of them all there was not one unwelcome to the name of Smith; and if we were not of the Smith family then he belonged to the Johnson family. (excerpt from Our Pioneer Heritage, The Heroic Pioneer.)

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Melissa Bloomfield LeBaron included:

Benjamin Franklin	29 Dec 1842	Macedonia, Hancock, Illinois
Melissa Almera	11 Dec 1843	Macedonia, Hancock, Illinois
Julia Didama	26 Sep 1845	Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois

Ester Melita	26 Sep 1847 Bonepart, Van Buren, Iowa
Delcena Elvira	11 Nov 1849 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Frances Belle	10 Jul 1852 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
David Albion	21 Feb 1856 Payson, Utah, Utah
Erastus Elmer	27 Apr 1859 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Leah Bloomfield	4 Sep 1860 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Mary Ann Hale included:

Emma Jane	25 Jul 1846 Garden Grove, Decatur, Iowa
Joseph Ezekiel	12 Jan 1850 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Benjamin Samuel	20 Apr 1853 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Mary Ann	26 Jun 1856 Payson, Utah, Utah
Vilate Elizabeth	7 Mar 1859 Santaquin, Utah, Utah

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Flora Clarinda Gleason included:

Huetta Clarinda	15 Jan 1847 Winter Quarters, Pot., Iowa
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The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Harriet Naomi Holman included:

Benjamin Farland	20 Jan 1853 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
James Francis	20 Apr 1856 Payson, Utah, Utah
Seth Jedediah	10 Apr 1858 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Harriet Naomi	5 Jul 1860 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
William Sawyer	19 Nov 1862 Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah
Emma Geneva	12 Jul 1865 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Marcus Lebaron	4 Feb 1869 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Junius	8 Mar 1873 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Sarah Melissa Holman included:

Benjamin Julius	10 May 1857 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Brigham Moroni	27 May 1859 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Heber Franklin	16 Feb 1861 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
John Angus	23 Oct 1863 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Sariah Agnes	23 Oct 1863 Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Sarah Melissa	4 May 1866 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Cassandria	7 Mar 1868 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Lionel Brand	19 Feb 1871 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Ellis Hills	7 Jun 1873 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah

Delightra Victoria 21 Sep 1875 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
George Albert 18 Jan 1878 Spring Lake, Utah, Utah

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Susan Adelaide Holman included:

Susan Celesia	9 Jan 1858	Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Zina S.	3 Aug 1860	Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Frank Carlton	27 Feb 1865	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Winnie Fredrica	16 Feb 1868	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Leofwin	24 Mar 1870	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Justus Wanderous	6 Jan 1873	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Adeline	21 May 1875	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah
Nancy Lillian	16 Feb 1878	Spring Lake, Utah, Utah

The children of Benjamin Franklin Johnson and Sarah Jane Spooner included:

Julia A.	30 Jun 1860	Santaquin, Utah, Utah
Sarah Jane	27 Sep 1862	Santaquin, Utah, Utah
son	abt 1864	

Benjamin Franklin Johnson was 87 years old at his death. "He had possibly the largest family, consisting of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of any man (then) living. His posterity and their families at his death numbered perhaps in the neighborhood of 800 souls. He was beloved by all who knew him. he had the pure love of God in his heart, which was abundantly manifest in his remarkable love for his fellow-men. (My Life's Review p. 388)

LIFE OF JULIA DIDAMA JOHNSON

Julia Didama Johnsons' father was Benjamin Franklin Johnson. He had been called to be care-taker of the "Mansion House" owned by the Prophet Joseph Smith and other property left by the Saints as they made their Exodus west. It was in the mansion that Julia Didama Johnson was born the 26th of September 1846.

Two years later her parents followed the Saints west arriving in the Salt Lake Valley the 22nd of October 1848. During the journey west they had many trials and one of them came when the Mississippi River ice nearly broke through while they were crossing it.

CHAPTER V

EDWARD & GLADYS YOUNG

Gladys Lovina Wilson's Younger Years

Gladys recalled her youth, "Being the tenth child and arriving as I did on New Years eve 1888 at the Home of David & Julia Wilson. A little squalling brat of five pounds. I must have been ugly for I was so scrawny that my grandfather said that he was afraid that I would not live. I suppose mother worked very hard before I was born being proud and always wanting fine and beautiful things. A good home and fine cloths which it was nigh impossible to get, for father was a genuine pioneer and moved quite often with the family 11 in number.

When I first began to walk my mother made me a rag doll which my grandfather named Dorthy Dragaltail because I dragged her around by the arm. We were a large family. Father having married Adelia Cox as a second wife, a very young girl kind and lovable. My mother being a true Latter Day Saint and a big family to feed, it was a real trial to share her husband and what he earned. I know that she has gained a great reward for the efforts she did put forth to try to do right. And when the trials were almost more than she could endure. Once I walked into the front room. The organ was moved out and mothers voice was raised in prayer asking for strength and guidance.

Ours was a happy home when early spring came. Mother and the older girls helped her to white wash the walls of our adobe home. They took down the old lace curtains and then washed starched and ironed. We girls sat around sewing up holes. Being so old they fell apart in places and when they were hung the white spread on mothers bed. I remember how beautiful it looked to me as a girl of four or five. We always had prayers before supper and breakfast and always went to church meetings when possible. Father made a little trundle bed for Ruth and I. She was the baby or eleventh child. A beautiful child with brown eyes. We used to tease her, taking turns (stealing kisses) till she cried.

Father bought an organ and then were we happy. We girls used to hammer the cords till I can't understand how the folks could stand it. My fathers cousin Steven Wilson came over often

to teach us to sing and play. He was an exceptionally good violinist. One morning right after breakfast Rose said to me, "guess I'll go play the organ." I tried to beat her there. She pulled so hard on my cloths that the button came off my panties and ma made her sew it on.

One day I climbed on Pa's knee and said, " Pa, June has more shoes than I do." He sat quiet for a spell then said, "well don't she earn them." I certainly remember that a deeper shade of color spread all over my face. I looked down at my shoes and said no more.

Father made Ruth and I a little trundle bed that slid under mothers. One morning we got up and climbed into fathers bed. He sang to us this little song.

"Our father in heaven we hallow thy name.
Thy kingdom Holy on earth be the same.
Oh give to us daily our portion of bread.
For it is from thy bounty that all must be feed.
Keep us from temptation and weakness and sin.
And Thine be the glory forever amen. Forever amen.
And Thine be the glory forever amen.

My sister Harriet being older than I could make nice doll dresses. One day while she was out helping with the work I took a doll dress she had finished except for the button holes. We lived near a river and used to gather clams for our meals. Harriet cut little buttons out of them and sewed them on the dress. I got Harriet's doll and that dress on it then cut big button holes in it. When Harriet came and saw what I had done she asked me if I did it. No I answered. I didn't know who did. I was in trouble all day for that lie. The family taught me a lesson."

I'm sure Gladys loved her youth. The security she had there can be felt in the following poem she wrote.

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTERS BOW

by Gladys Lovina Wilson Young

My sister'l be down in a minute,
she says your to wait if you please.
And said I might stay until she comes,
if I'd promise never to tease.

LYDIA REMEMBERS HER FATHER EDWARD

"Oh, My Papa

When this song came out I felt that it was written for me. Papa had passed away and I missed him very much. The song said the things I felt about him.

I have not taken the time to look up dates about times we moved and all.

I will just try to get my impressions of him that I recall best.

He was slender, under six feet tall. Curly light brown hair and very blue twinkling eyes. I loved the way his hair curled when it had not been cut for some time. I thought he was very good looking. He told me he was Irish, England and Danish nationalities. (Sorry Edward no Irish or Danish.)

Papa was born May the 24th 1882. Baptized May 5th of 1891. Married Dec 26th 1905 to Gladys Lovina Wilson in Morales old Mexico. Passed away at Hurricane Utah January 22nd 1928. My first memory of him was Christmas eve. I was four years old and we were living in Orderville, I was peeking into the living room and papa was holding up a doll. He said, "oh you sweet little thing." She said, "Ed Young you are boozey! You have been over to that Ed Lambs place again." Then she rushed me off to bed again. The next morning we awakened to the smell of potatoes in the fire place.

Papa always did that on special occasions, a can of pineapple was always one of his treats for us too. He prepared parched sweet corn and roasted pine nuts. We were seldom without a piece of jerky to nibble on. While living there he drove the mail to Kanab, and back. Vilate and I had the job of heating rocks and bricks to put around his feet to keep them from freezing. Mother said they did get injured and maybe his lungs too.

I was always so happy when he came home and I would wake at the sound of buggy wheels when he came into the lot. I don't remember papa ever drinking and if he was that night, I was too young to know.

He was always patient with me and I only remember one spanking in my life by him. I just knew I would always do what he told me to.

We moved from Orderville to Virgin a (year or two)? And then to Kanarraville. Mother always wanted to live near Uncle Ben and so on to Hurricane.

Papa filed on 60 acres of farm land on the Mountain near Virgin. In the winter he worked for the Esplins with sheep and cattle. It was about that time he began feeling too ill to work all the time. He coughed often and it was difficult for him to breath.

The farm on Smiths Mountain could have belonged to some of us in the family if we should have paid 100 dollars and done a few weeks work on it at the time. Papa always talked of getting enough money to go to Provo and work for Uncle Jessie Knight. His asthma might have gotten better up here.

We were always taught to be honest. One thing especially... to never make fun of any one crippled or retarded or backward in school. And never never call anyone a bad name.

Mama and Papa seldom had any trouble. They seemed to keep it to themselves if they did.

He did not seem to have much of a temper that I ever saw except at an old balky horse that would not pull if its feet got in soft sand.

He was always asked to take part in church plays or any other entertainment. He and Mama sang and she played the guitar and the harmonica quite well.

He was in a play at Virgin and must have played the part well because people would ask me later if that was my father who traded his gum for another boys (Do Dad.) I remember it well. The (Do Dad) was some kind of a stick that looked like a snake or a crooked cane. He also loved to dance and his Irish eyes really sparkled when he did the Irish jig as he called it.

He would give anything to anyone who would ask or needed any thing he had. Mama was pretty upset once when he loaned a good tire off his little (puddle jumper) car as he called it. I did not blame her, but the man never gave it back or paid for it.

Papa always said don't ever give anything unless it is the best you have.

In those days the Indians came begging for food and papa always said give them something even if you don't have but little for yourself. I remember going to bed hungry many times but we always paid our tithes and gave to the Indians.

For a period of time Ed worked for Ray and Fern Esplin when they lived in Hurricane. Ed would herd their cattle and take them from Kolob Mountain out to the Arizona Strip where they would feed during the winter months and then he would take them back to Kolob for the summer.

His health became so bad we had to arrange a chair so he was able to sit up to sleep. He could not breath lying down. He was spitting up some blood for some weeks before he finally died with what Dr. Aiken called Black pneumonia.

It was a very difficult time for us all especially mother. She could hardly keep us in food and cloths. We had to depend on the bishop many times for part of our food.

Uncle Ben Wilson was like an angel to us. I'll always recall how he would put his hand on my hair and say "just like shining gold." He gave us so much and tried to help the boys, Abe, John and Roscoe.

Leland only saw Papa once and he was on the south side of the house getting some sunshine. His father gave us the lumber for our old adobe house. I'll always remember the way he wakened us in the mornings. He would touch us gently and rock us back and forth a bit and say something sweet like, "get up merry sun shine." "It's time to start the day."

Sometimes I would pretend that I was not awake so he would rock me longer sort of a game. He would say, "now stop playing possum." Yes Lydia had many fond memories of home.

Gladys' temperament was firm but Edwards was firmer. On another occasion Gladys had either made or purchased a new shirt for her husband. He liked the old shirt he was wearing so much that he wouldn't wear the new one. When he wasn't aware, Gladys came up behind him grabbed the shirt tail with both hands, and ripped it right up the back. Taken by surprise, half angry and half playfully he picked up his wife, put her over his knee and

spanked her soundly!



Children of Edward and Gladys were:

Edward (Ted) Webb	27 October	1906	Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico
Vilate	10 April	1909	Morelas, Sonora, Mexico
Pearl	11 March	1911	Morelas, Sonora, Mexico
Lydia Knight	14 April	1912	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Abram (Abe) Owen	11 March	1914	Hillsdale, Garfield, Utah
Donna	23 May	1916	Mt. Carmel, Kane, Utah
Flora May	5 May	1918	Kanarraville, Iron, Utah
John Ray Young	29 April	1921	Virgin, Washington, Utah
Esther Delcinia	9 September	1923	Hurricane, Washington, Utah
Howard Roscoe	30 April	1926	Hurricane, Washington, Utah

Edward is described as having sparkly blue eyes, height about 6 feet, weight about 170 pounds. His hair was light brownish blond with kinky curls which recessed a little at 40. His skin was light and fair which tanned easily but didn't freckle. He had a happy mild temperament and used calm words to discipline. He was talented and loved to be in plays. He loved to sing and had a nice tenor voice. He tried his hand at novel writing but was unsuccessful in publishing and Gladys burned the script in the kitchen stove.

For a period of time Edward delivered mail by wagon. This was extremely hard on his health and the asthma he had eventually worsened until he developed bronchial pneumonia taking his life on the 12th of February 1928 in Hurricane, Washington County, Utah where they had returned. He was buried two days later on the 14th of February 1928 in the Hurricane Cemetery.

John a son did not believe he died of asthma. He though he either had lung cancer or TB as he bled from the lungs and spit blood prior to his death.

Gladys became quite accomplished at writing, music, and painting. She played the piano, violin, harmonica and possibly other things. They were all self taught. She wrote poetry. She wrote music. There are at least two music books that she published (Children Songs of the Utah Pioneers). And she became quite an accomplished painter. She mixed her own paints and painted on just about anything available. She would sew Levis together for a canvas and in one case painted a picture on a car



Edward Webb Young



(Back to front) Gladys, her children
Vilate, Lyda, Abe, Dona and Flora

CHAPTER VIII

LYDIA YOUNG

Daughter of Edward & Gladys Young

LETTER FROM LYDIA YOUNG TO LYDIA GOLDTHWAITE KNIGHT

Dear Great Grandmother.

You must think this is a very odd thing for me to do but I have read your diary so many times I feel that I know you as well as if I had lived near you when I was little and sometimes I feel you are near to me now and hold me close to you when I feel sad or lonely.

It made me so sad to think of you coming west with all your children and small baby without Grandfather to help you. Sometimes I pray that I could have the kind of courage you had.

Was my Grandmother with you crossing the long trips to Utah? I think of her a lot of the time. She must have been a wonderful lady too. I used to wish that I had a Grandmother to go visit like all the other children did.

Once when my husband Leland took us in the airplane to Blanding where Grandmother used to live I happened to talk to the mayor of the town. he was cooking hot cakes for the fly in breakfast. I ask him if he know a Lydia and John R Young who had lived there and he said. "If I amount to anything at all If is because of your grandparents."

Grandmother in your diary you told of adopting and caring for two young boys. That was before you lost your husband. What a wonderful man he must have been to love children so much.

Did you love your first husband as much as Great Grandfather? If you did It must have broken your heart to see him destroy his life with liquor. Then loosing your two precious babes must have been more heart ache than anyone could bear. When I read that part the tears roll down my face until I have to stop reading. Later when he deserted you and left you to bear all that pain by yourself, I felt that if it had been me I would have died.

No wonder you were named first great lady of the church, with your faith and courage and all the love you still had to share with others was a wonder. How I wish I could have walked across the plains with you and helped you carry the baby.

Great grandfather would have loved you all the more if he could have known the sacrifice and courage you had to cross the plains with those small children clinging to your skirts.

How hard it must have been to leave the place where you and he had loved together.

The spirit of our father in heaven must have been with you all your life.

You must have been proud and excited to have Joseph Smith perform his first wedding ceremony for you and great Grandfather.

He must have been happy to do it for you because of your kindness to him, giving your only \$50 dollars to get him out of jail after the mob became so violent.

He said she was one of the finest people he ever know. You must have been a good mother to have raised such a fine girl to be my Grandmother. (Lydia Young Stout Boyden)

Undoubtedly Lydia was named for her great grandmother Lydia Goldthwaite Knight who married Newell Knight and her grandmother Lydia Knight Young who married John Ray Young.

Both of these women were wonderful and exemplary in every way. Lydia is proud to share their name.

Lydia was born April 14, 1912 in Huntington, Emery County, Utah. A very pretty little girl. Lydia has many fond memories of her youth and the tenderness of her father.

"We lived about two years at Mt. Carmel and after that we moved to Kanarra then Virgin for a while. My Father worked for Graff, at Kanarra and Henry Cornelius who owned a store at Virgin. He had a ranch up on North Creek, they called the Creek there North Creek, and while there we would raise

melons and I can remember having melons there that is about all I can remember up there.

We had a home down in Virgin and when we would go down to North Creek we would live in tents and it seemed so much fun. We ran around the fields and the hills and it was lots of fun but the place in Virgin, we had a friend and a neighbor that was called Maria Spendlove, an older land-lady and I loved her so much because I didn't have a grandmother that I ever knew. I was always looking for one and she happened to be one of my first. So I would go to her place and she would give me errands and little things to do to help her and for pay I would get to sit on her couch and hold a little blue chicken that was a beautiful little glass dish that was made to hold butter. It had a little blue hen that was raised up and the lid was made just like a little hen sitting on a nest. It was a beautiful little dish and later when we moved to Kanarraville Utah, before we left she sent her boy over to our place and ask him to bring me to see her before I left. She wanted to tell me good-bye. He took hold of my hand and said come on, your gonna be my girl for a little while now and he took me across the street to his mothers place and she had this little chicken and she sat me down on the couch and she put it in my hands and said. "Now this is for you to take with you this time. You love that chicken lots more than I do. So you take it with you and have it for your own.."

While living at Virgin I became five years of age and I remember being in a lot of little plays and programs and things while we lived there and I at one Christmas program sang a real long song called the Night Before Christmas and all the ladies kept telling me what a wonderful voice until I felt just like a princess. My Father was a good entertainer and I suppose I was trying to be like him. I admired him so much and he was so sweet to me. He was in a play there too and he was a freckled face young man and he had a friend that had what he called a Doo Dad, and my Day would say, I'll swap you my gum for your Doo Dad and everybody would laugh and the play had a lot of cute little things like that in it and he was really a good entertainer. He always sang little songs and did a jug he called the Irish Jig.

I spent my first school days in Virgin too. The winter I was there I had Miss Wilcox as my teacher and she was really a sweet, nice teacher and I seemed to learn fast and

loved her. She also married a fellow that came there to build a bridge across the Virgin River canyon down by Hurricane, and she married him later. I remember and his name was Glen Hallihan.

At Virgin when I lived there and I was five there was a little boy that was six years old that called me his girlfriend all the time. One day, walking to school, his older brother told him that I was his girl and he said, no she is not, she's my girl and he came down close to me and took hold of my hand and we walked in front of the other boy all the way to school holding hands. That was my first boyfriend.

There was a place where we played that the water would come down in floods at times and I was caring for the children one day and had all the little ones out in the creek where we would play in the sand and the water was real shallow most times and it wasn't dangerous and we would sit in the sand and make little sand castles and play there for hours. One day I could hear and unusually loud, thundering like, rumbling noise of some kind that had me frightened and I said to my little brother, just younger than me, "Abe, there's something terrible coming from out of that canyon. Is it storming up there? There's no clouds or anything but I can hear something." He couldn't tell and he said, "Oh, it isn't anything." but pretty soon I looked up again and there was a rolling bank of mud and water coming right toward us in the creek. It was very frightening and we all jumped up and I screamed. "run for the house." Then I remembered that we weren't supposed to leave the little sister sitting there. She couldn't walk and I ran back and grabbed her and that water was just almost to my feet. I got her out to where Mama was screaming from the bank. That was my sister Flora, just a little baby girl and Mama was saying, "Oh, you saved my baby, you saved my baby." And she was hugging me and the baby and was crying on the ground. She was so thankful about that.

Another time I was making candy and I heard the little darling and I had put the candy down and she came and put her little hands in it while it was still hot and I always felt so bad about that. Another time by Virgin, close to the river, we would go there to play along the shore and Mother would let us swim in the little ponds but one day Flora got out into the water too far and was starting to float and my

sister yelled to me, grab Flora and she was coming by me where I was and I could stand on the ground and be in the water but little Flora was not able to reach the bottom at all and she was floating and I reached out and grabbed her but I couldn't paddle with my hands and all at once I found myself floating out away from the ground and I couldn't hold on and I was yelling to my sister to help us, we're both going and she was running for us, but she couldn't go very fast in the water that way and she was stumbling on the rocks and all. Finally she got to us before we got too far out in. She helped us back but they always said that I saved Flora's life twice.

At Virgin I remember well a little bandy chicken. The folks had gotten some and I took over one and claimed that one as my own. It was a little black one and I made a pet out of it and it would come set on my shoulder and on my lap and I could pet it and one day it laid a egg on my lap. So then, every day, I would sit there while Mama would read stories and the little chicken laid an egg on my lap and Mother got to see the egg and she believed my story.

Later Mother and Father decided they could go to the mountain and leave us children with a hired girl for a while so that father could work on the farm and have her help improving on it. They had to do so much work every year or we wouldn't own the farm up there. So they had gone and been gone several days. They planned to stay for several weeks and my sister and I got homesick and I was always a homesick one for my folks and if we didn't see them often I would get so homesick. This time the girl tending us was rather cranky with us and kept slapping us around and making us do work we probably didn't want to do so Vilate and I got together and decided we'd run away and go up to the farm. It was ten miles and almost entirely all uphill clear to the farm on Smiths Mountain where they had put this claim. We took an apple and started to leave town we passed an old lady's house, Mrs. Wilcox, she asked where we were going and we told her we were going up where Mama and Papa was and for some reason she didn't try to stop us and was kind to us and gave us a gallon bucket with water. She said we would choke if we went clear up there, which was ten miles all up hill, and real hot, so she gave us a gallon bucket of water and two honey sandwiches, bread and honey. We'd nibble on those when we'd get too tired going up the hill and we did get very tired and barefoot, of course. Our feet were getting sore on

the rocks but we kept going until we got up the mountain. After we got there there was two or three miles of flat ground getting to the farm from the top of the ridge and we walked until it was becoming dark and I supposed we'd gone too far and I kept saying to my sister, "we're lost Vilate, we've gone too far. Our place is not going to be in front of us, it's behind us somewhere." I said we've taken a wrong road and so I was about to cry and she said, "don't you cry or I'll slap you," so I said, "If you'll kneel down and pray with me I won't cry." She was sweet to me and so we kneeled down to pray and after she had said a prayer I could see a light in a tent and I was so happy, and I grabbed her and said "Vilate, there's a light over there." So we walked toward it until we came to the tent. We could tell that the light was kind of muffled with something so we figured it was a canvas on the tent. When we got there, there was an older gentleman Brother Wallace that had a farm near ours and we had gone about two miles too far. He took us on his horse to where my dad was camped and when we got there my Mother had gotten worried about us and she had sent my oldest brother Ted who came with a horse to take us back to Virgin, He was so angry at us and all the way back to Virgin, he'd make the horse trot and we rode behind him on the horse and we were so sore when we got down to Virgin that Vilate and I could hardly walk for about a week.

For some reason illness and caring for ill people always fascinated me. Even at that time I was always trying to take care of the babies and trying to keep them well and rubbing them with Vicks and my Mother always gave the children enemas if they got really sick and were hurting in their stomachs. So one day my little bandy chicken just seemed so sick and it was laying on its side and looked so ill it seemed like its stomach was swollen so I told Violate I was going to give it an enema and she tried to take the little syringe away from me. She did and put it away and then after she had gone to sleep or gone to play or something I remember I was alone and I got it out again from where she had put it and took it and fixed the water and gave the little chicken an enema and in a few hours it was up hopping around as well as it could be.

Our next move was to Kanarra and there it was cold and the name Kanara is an Indian name and the name means mouth of the bellows. It was very cold and lots of cold winds and my Mother hated those winds so badly. It's no wonder that we didn't live there very long. She could hardly stand the cold

there. It was there I had my first birthday party on my seventh birthday. My mother sent me to town to get my friends because they hadn't come to the party. When I returned my brother and his friends had taken all our treats and eaten it all up, so when we got back with my friends we didn't have any cookies left. I cried myself to sleep that afternoon, and when I woke up in the evening, it was still daylight but I thought it was the next morning and I ask Mama if the children all had gone home because I had been crying and gone to sleep. I didn't know what had happened and she said they had all gone home and it wasn't morning, that I had I had just had a nap.

On our trip from Kanara to Hurricane we had quite an experience. The road was narrow and quite dangerous and steep and going down the old canyon, close to the bottom part in those days and now it is up on the side hill where it's really nice and they have a beautiful highway, but we only had room enough for one vehicle. Only on a few little places could we move out for anyone coming so they could pass us if they wanted to go by. While going down the hill in quite a bad spot Frank Petty came along in his car and it was a Ford, I'm sure. A beautiful black car and we all admired it so much and thought it was so wonderful to see it so close by and when it got right at the side of us, we have this old sorrel horse that was kind of fussy and cranky and our father had always told us to stay back away from him because he can get started easily and kick sideways and hurt you bad. When the car got right to the side of us, the old spornickity horse as Daddy called him, moved sideways and kicked the door in. Mr. Petty began yelling and swearing at Papa and telling him to keep his awful horse away from his car. Papa was trying to settle the horse down and he got it calm and Mr. Petty, as he tried to move along, he said to Papa, "I'll sue you for everything you've got." And Papa said, "Well, you can't get blood out of a turnip, Mr. Petty." We went on our trip to Hurricane and we got there fine without any damage to us.

After we arrived at Hurricane and I got settled into school and all, I had some very nice girlfriends that I learned to love. We would make so many trips out along the Black Hills out north of Hurricane and down over the hills to the river on Sundays especially we'd take apple or something, or slice of bread or anything we had and many times I remember we didn't have anything but potatoes so we would

slice potatoes thin and sprinkle salt in between the slices and they tasted pretty good when you're nice and hungry. One day we had gone to the river and we didn't have any lunch or anything to eat and the girls said, lets go home, I'm hungry. So I said, lets eat a fish and we had made a little pond and trapped some beautiful tiny fish about an inch long in this little pool and we were playing with them and they looked just like little gold fish except they were more clear and you could see right through the little body and they didn't look like they had eaten anything and I think they're called angel wing, angel fin maybe, but they are trying to keep this from becoming extinct now because it is a beautiful little fish. I kept telling the girls to try one, they won't hurt you, if you are hungry quit complaining and eat a fish and I said I'll eat one and they said oh you wouldn't dare and I said I would if you would and so they said they would. So Pauline and Mildred and Wanda and I all ate the first one and I just swallowed it whole and so did they and then Roxy wouldn't put one in her mouth, she wouldn't put one in her mouth, she wouldn't do it. She was the only one that was a "fraidy cat."

At school I was always a very good girl helping the teachers with any type of thing. Writing on the blackboards, making costumes for little plays, anything I could do I helped them with. I was always busy and Mrs. Prince said she didn't know how to make costumes and one time she wanted a costume for Abe Lincoln. She needed a stove pipe hat. She said she just had to have one and nobody had one she could borrow. I said, "That's easy, we can make it." She Said, "How can we do that?" and I told her get an oatmeal box for the top part and then we'd set it down on a pasteboard and draw a circle around it and make it fit tight and then cut out the piece of pasteboard to fit the hat and then make the brim a larger circle then glue it to the cereal box and then cover it with black paper and she was so thrilled that I had been able to think of that. She said, you get some things together and start doing it, and she told me what to get and everything so I could get out of school work and have the fun making the costume things.

I was a good student and I did lots of reading and at that time they put on a play called Cinderella and we had a very good music teacher from St. George, I have forgotten his name but I think it was Bert Terry. We had this little opera going and I wanted to try out for the part of Cinderella and

the teacher said, "No I can't do that, you are more like an angel." So I had the part of the Fairy God Mother and I still know the little song.

I did quite a lot of baby sitting. When I sat they would give me anything they thought was useful if they didn't have money. If I got money it would only be 10 cents for an evening. I also did their laundry and all kinds of housework along with babysitting.

At Bundyville I had a nice girlfriend while I was living out at Bundyville. her father carried the mail from Bundyville to Wolfhole where he would meet the mail that came from St. George and take it back out to what they called the Strip. We lived on what they called the Strip, down below Bundyville a ways, and one time I went to visit her up at her home near Bundyville and stayed with her a few nights and we slept out in a wagon bed and we had a small pasteboard with our clothes in it. In the night sometimes an old salt-hungry cow came along and ate the clothing off the clothes line and chewed them all to pieces and then came over to the wagon bed and while we were asleep, chewed some of our clothes all up. We didn't have much to wear while I was there.

Many times my sister and I would get our old horse called Tango and ride from our place on the strip down to Wolfhole to where the mail was delivered from St. George. When the mailman didn't come and we expected something, we would ride down there and pick it up ourselves. It was about seven miles and we enjoyed the trip so much because we liked to ride the pony.

While at Mt. Trumble I hunted arrowheads much of the time and found many little tiny ones that the Indians had shot at birds and rabbits. They were so fine and made from obsidian and really delicate and beautiful. I wouldn't pick up anything that wasn't all in one piece, really whole and beautiful. I gathered many, till I had a little matchbox clear full of just those little tiny beautiful arrowheads and one day a lady came along, Susy Campbell, and wanted to buy them. Mama sold them to her for 50 cents and I was rather disappointed. I wanted to sit and hold them for. Mama poured them into my hands and I sat there and looked at them and felt sorry to loose them but money was so important in those days to buy the necessities. We had so little of that and so many children to care for and we did everything

we could to save money and earn money.

With school starting again we moved back to Hurricane. I had missed out at Mt. Trumble. Bundyville didn't have very good school, but it was pretty good, but I had missed enough of the time there not being able to get from our place on the Strip in the winter up to the school house that I'd missed part of my grade and when I went to Hurricane, I was too far behind to keep up with the other children and they had me stay back to the next grade so I was a year behind in School.

The year I became fourteen in 1926, my father kept getting so ill from asthma in Hurricane that we were so worried about him. And he was worried himself. He didn't know how to earn any money for the family and was so concerned. My Uncles told him that if he would come out to Kanab and help them, that they would pay him \$80 a month so he decided to go back out there because he didn't have asthma hardly at all at Kanab. There was no allergy plants or things, what ever it was in Hurricane that gave him asthma, he didn't seem to have out there to bother him. He wanted me to go with him that winter and I would have to start school there and that was ok with me and Mother thought it was fine and so she let me go and I should cook for them and I learned quite a lot about cooking that winter from the men. My father helped the men on the ranch up in Johnson's canyon where my great grandfather had started to raise sheep and had a ranch up there. They probably inherited that ground. He became pretty ill that winter and he was in bed much of the time.

I felt bad when I had to leave school in Kanab and go back to school in Hurricane because I didn't know if I'd be able to go to school. If Papa was ill I would probably have to work and of course I did and after we went back to Hurricane I had to get a job as soon as I could. I wasn't in school and wasn't able to graduate that last year that I was there.

Soon after we got back from Kanab, my father took us in the little pickup. The children all sat in the back with me and Mother and Dad and the little new baby was Roscoe.

We went to LaVerkin to see our sister Vilate. She had married and was living there in her husband's fathers old home and we sure had a nice visit with her that day.

On the way back it was sort of spoiled because we had to go down and cross the river bridge down by the hot springs and the hill was real steep on both sides of the river and to get back up into Hurricane it was very steep and had a real dangerous curve in it right at the top of the hill. Just before we got to the top, the car wouldn't quite pull it and the engine stalled and when my Father tried to put it in a lower gear or another gear it wouldn't go in gear quick enough and it started to roll backward and Mother was screaming all her children would be killed and we were starting to get close to the dangerous side of the road and finally my Father decided he couldn't steer it fast enough so he just backed it into the hillside and we all got bumped. I think one or two of the children fell off the little truck as it stopped. It didn't tip over or anything dangerous. We were all so happy that nothing happened any worse than it did. Father got it away from the hill and got it in the right gear and we went around and up over the hill and got home just fine.

Papa just kept getting worse and worse that winter with asthma and then finally he became ill with the flu and got pneumonia. The Doctor called black pneumonia and he was very ill. Dr. Aikin was our Doctor at that time. I remember Mama sent me to town to get him in the night and Papa became a little better for a few days and we would prop him up on a chair in the bed, against a chair, we'd turn it over so that it would make a sort of raised place for him to lean against and sit just as straight as he could because I think his lungs were filling up with fluid and he would just cough constantly and get such a little bit of rest. The straining he did to breath was just miserable for him, I remember. He was in so much pain and finally he got so bad that Mother sent for the doctor again in the night and the doctor came and gave him some medication to keep him from coughing so hard and it was only a few hours after the doctor left that mama said Papa died.

It was pretty sad night for her and I and we tried to get a little sleep and not to think too much about it. Mama insisted that I not cry. I guess it made it harder for her for me to be crying. We had the funeral a few days later.

I remember that winter, it was a pretty sad time and we didn't have much of a Christmas after Papa had died that first year. And we didn't have any money for gifts and

Mother and I worked so hard to get some little dolls, a gift for each child was not much on anything but a doll or a shirt and the dolls were rag dolls. We had a hard time making them look very pretty without money. Mama and I didn't have anything for each other and we felt bad about that but we thought it was pretty nice we could give the kiddies something anyway.

Ted was at college at Cedar City and the next morning he came with a gift for Mama and I. A sweater for Mama and a string of beads for me. The beads were beautiful amber color. I don't know if they were real amber at that time. They may have been because things like that were available and not very expensive.

Lydia met Leland Stout and after a courtship were married June 19, 1929 in St. George, Utah.

On March 1st, 1931 Dick was born. It was a long and hard labor. Instruments had to be used in the delivery and it was later determined that damage was done to one eye. The doctor operated on the eye but the surgery only allowed Dick to see more light.

Grandpa Stout who lived with them for a while had a limp due to a truck wreck he was in. And Dick as a little boy would follow after his grandpa imitating the limp.

One day they heard of a sawmill for sale on Cedar Mountain that was owned by John Bauer. Lydia's father Ed had worked at it and had told her all about it. And Lydia had even worked at the sawmill when she was a young girl about twelve years of age helping in the kitchen.

Leland and Lydia made a deal to buy it for five thousand dollars and they would pay one thousand dollars each year for five years in lumber to pay for it.

Many of Lydia's brothers and sisters worked at the saw mill. At night it so enjoyable for everyone to sit around the campfire and sing.

Yvonne was born December 24, 1932 at Hurricane, Utah and this to was another difficult delivery for both mother and child.

When Gary was born August 28, 1934 things went much easier. He was a very tall thin baby and the skin on his face was so wrinkly and funny looking. Leland said he looked like Mahat Magandee. He was soon fat and plump and the cutest baby you could find.

One year in the spring Warner Brothers made the movie Brigham Young. Leland and Lydia both worked for them and Lydia made her first payment to Social Security and got her number. Lydia wore an old fashioned dress and a pretty sunbonnet that was orchard colored with metallic thread in it. She would ride in a covered wagon with a big doll in her arms. Or walking along beside the wagons. One day north of Parowan the oxen about pulled us into a wash. It was very frightening.

During one summer there were three movies made on Cedar Mountain. Drums Along the Mohawk, Black Beauty the other one was with Joel McCrae, and Veronia Lake.

When Lona was born January 28, 1942 they were on Cedar Mountain. She was a wonderful baby but they had no way to bathe her on the mountain. So after the car warmed up from the sun they would bathe her in the warm car.

In the Ward News Letter we find.....

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK

Leland and Lydia Stout have had a very busy and interesting life. They were married in the St. George Temple in June of 1929. Leland had just returned from a mission to the Southern States, and Lydia had been working for the Utah Parks at Grand Canyon.

The Stouts spent their first winter as caretakers at Bryce Canyon where they were snowed in most of the time. The following spring they both went to work for the Parks again. Their first boy was born in 1931 and about that time they went into the sawmill business on the Cedar Mountain near Navajo Lake.

They spent thirteen happy years there and during that time added another boy and three girls to their family. They built a home at Hurricane, Utah, where they spent the winters.



1944

In 1942, at the beginning of the war, they sold their sawmill and moved to Salt Lake City. They lived there two years and then moved to Provo where Leland was in charge of the Waste Heat Boiler Division at Geneva Steel. Later they established a lumber business at 1551 No. Canyon Road and built their home at 241 East 2230 North, where they now live.

Since leasing their lumber yard to the Bestway Company, they have been operating diesel trucks in hauling steel throughout the West. They also do cast stone work, which they find very fascinating. Their hobbies are collecting precious stones and making them into tables and jewelry. The Stouts had the privilege of presenting President and Mrs. Eisenhower with a table and spending an hour with Mrs. Eisenhower in Phoenix. She told them how much they loved Secretary Benson and asked them to pray for the President because he was ill at the time.

Lydia married Leland Stout 19 Jun 1929 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. They had five children:

Richard Leland	1 Mar 1931	Hurricane, Washington, Utah
Yvonne (Dorthy)	24 Dec 1932	Hurricane, Washington, Utah
Gary Edward	28 Aug 1934	Cedar City, Iron, Utah
Lona Joy	28 Jan 1942	Kanab, Kane, Utah
Valora Marie	17 Feb 1945	Cedar City, Iron, Utah

Lydia's husband Leland died 18 Sep 1989 in Provo, Utah. Lydia later married Doren Boyden who loves square dancing and says, "not only is square dancing good exercise for the body. It's also good exercise for the brain.

It's exercise for the brain because the dancers have to pick out of the mumbo jumbo of the caller what they're supposed to do." As you can tell one of the ways they enjoy each other is through square dancing.

Lydia was a very talented poet she wrote the following.

HARVEST GOLD

The valley is warm
with harvest gold.

Preparing soon for
winters cold.

Hazy mist tinted
azure blue.

Can't hide the maples
crimson hue.

I take my ails and
then commence.

To paint the sunflowers
along the fence.

Lydia

BRING ME A ROSE

Bring me a rose
The reddest you can find
Twill send my spirit soaring
and ease my saddened mind
For I am yours and you are mine
We'll find a new tomorrow
where bluebirds sing
And love can heal our sorrow.

FOR SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

(To Dick)

I held the hand of a sick little boy
My heart beat fast with love and joy
It was dark no longer, the day was nigh
Angels had gently caressed him and
then passed by.

He married (1) Cora TANNER on 5 Oct 1932 in Cedar City, Iron, Utah. Cora, dau. of Martin Ray TANNER and Prudence MILLER, born on 9 Sep 1913 in Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona; died on 30 Oct 1989 in Sparks, Washoe, Nevada; buried on 3 Nov 1989 in Reno, Washoe, Nevada.

Children:

- + 12 M i Don Ray (Sonny) YOUNG.
- + 13 F ii Loretta YOUNG.

3 Vilate YOUNG, born on 10 Apr 1909 in Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico; died on 18 Aug 1976 in near Beaver, Beaver, Utah; buried on 23 Aug 1976 in Hurricane, Washington, Utah.

She married (1) George Franklin HARDY on 10 Apr 1925 in St George, Washington, Utah. George, son of George "A" William HARDY and Sarah Ellen HUNT, born on 31 Dec 1896 in St George, Washington, Utah; died on 17 Dec 1967 in LaVerkin, Washington, Utah; buried on 20 Dec 1967.

Children:

- + 14 F i Colleen HARDY.
- + 15 F ii Marie HARDY, born on 28 Mar 1928 in LaVerkin, Washington, Utah; died on 28 Mar 1928 in LaVerkin, Washington, Utah.
- + 16 F iii Vonda HARDY.
- + 17 M iv George Lawrence HARDY.
- + 18 M v Wendell HARDY.
- + 19 M vi Denis y HARDY, born on 19 Oct 1938 in LaVerkin, Washington, Utah; died on 15 Nov 1938.
- + 20 F vii LaDonna HARDY.
- + 21 F viii Rosetta HARDY.

She married (2) Kenneth GUBLER in Apr 1971. Kenneth, born in of Hurricane, Washington, Utah.

5 Lydia Knight YOUNG, born on 14 Apr 1912 in Huntington, Emory, Utah.

She married (1) Leland STOUT on 19 Jun 1929 in St George, Washington, Utah. Leland, son of John Henry Fisk STOUT and Annie Selina HALL, born on 26 Sep 1903 in Orderville, Kane, Utah; died on 18

Sep 1989 in Provo, Utah, Utah; buried on 23 Sep 1989 in Provo, Utah, Utah.

Children:

- + 22 M i Richard Leland STOUT.
- + 23 F ii Yvonne (Dorthy) STOUT.
- + 24 M iii Gary Edward STOUT.
- + 25 F iv Lona Joy STOUT.
- + 26 F v Valora Marie STOUT.

She married (2) Doren Daniel BOYDEN on 14 Dec 1991 in St George, Washington, Utah.

- 6 Abram Owen YOUNG, born on 11 Mar 1914 in Hillsdale, Garfield, Utah; died on 23 Aug 1946 in St. George, Washington, Utah; buried on 26 Aug 1946 in Cedar City, Iron, Utah.

He married (1) Lois Smith HAIGHT on 26 Aug 1937 in Enoch, Iron, Utah. Lois, dau. of Leonard HAIGHT and Katie Ireene SMITH, born on 26 Oct 1918 in Cedar City, Iron, Utah.

Children:

- + 27 F i Sharon YOUNG.
- + 28 F ii Janice Ruth YOUNG.
- + 29 M iii Abram Owen YOUNG Jr..

- 7 Dona YOUNG, born on 23 May 1916 in Mt Carmel, Kane, Utah.

She married (1) Robert Franklin LOER on 4 Sep 1937 in Kanab, Kane, Utah. Robert, son of Edward Franklin LOER and Grace ROBERTSON, born on 13 Jun 1916 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

Children:

- 30 M i Thomas Gregory LOER, born on 15 Mar 1942 in Cedar City, Iron, Utah; died on 7 Nov 1959 in Cedar City, Iron, Utah; buried in Cedar City, Iron, Utah.
- + 31 F ii Kathryn LOER.
- + 32 F iii Lucinda LOER.

- 8 Flora May YOUNG, born on 7 May 1918 in Kanarraville, Iron, Utah.

She married (1) LaNar J. SPENDLOVE on 14 Oct 1936